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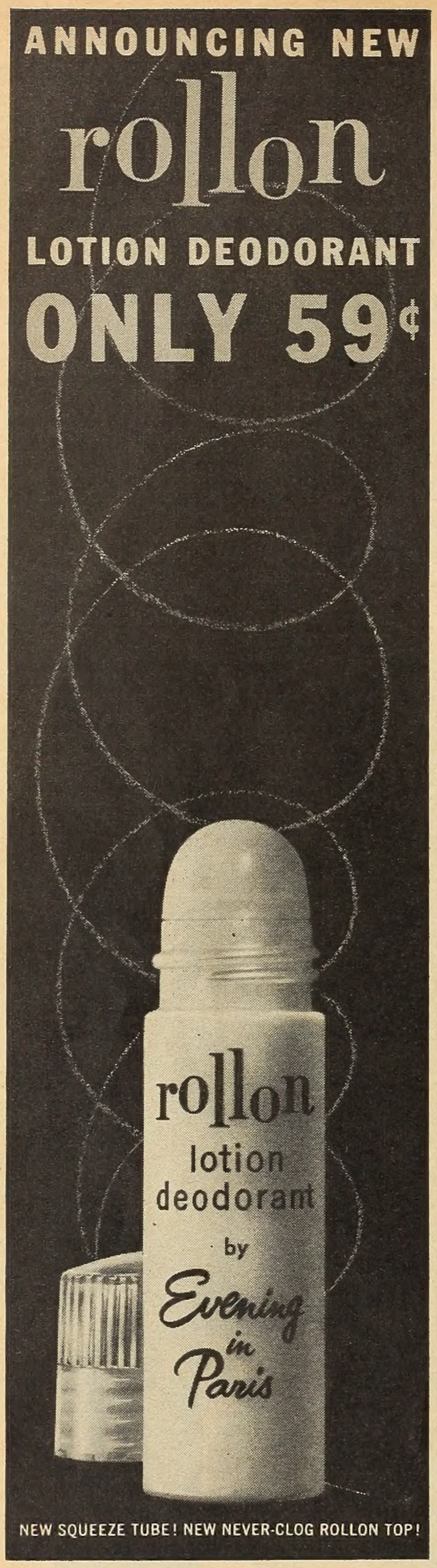
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JUN 17 1958

From the book that revealed more than any girl ever revealed of herself before! **Dorothy Malone** as Diana Barrymore, whose sensational true-life best-seller made millions gasp! **Errol Flynn** as her father, the fantastic John Barrymore, in his years of wildness...



PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. Co-Starring
EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR. with RAY DANTON, NEVA PATTERSON
MURRAY HAMILTON, MARTIN MILNER, JOHN DENNIS
Screenplay by ART and JO NAPOLEON • Produced by HENRY BLANKE • Directed by ART NAPOLEON



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JUNE, 1958 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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The cover portrait of Debbie Reynolds and Carrie Frances Fisher is by Globe.
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ROBERT TAYLOR

RICHARD WIDMARK

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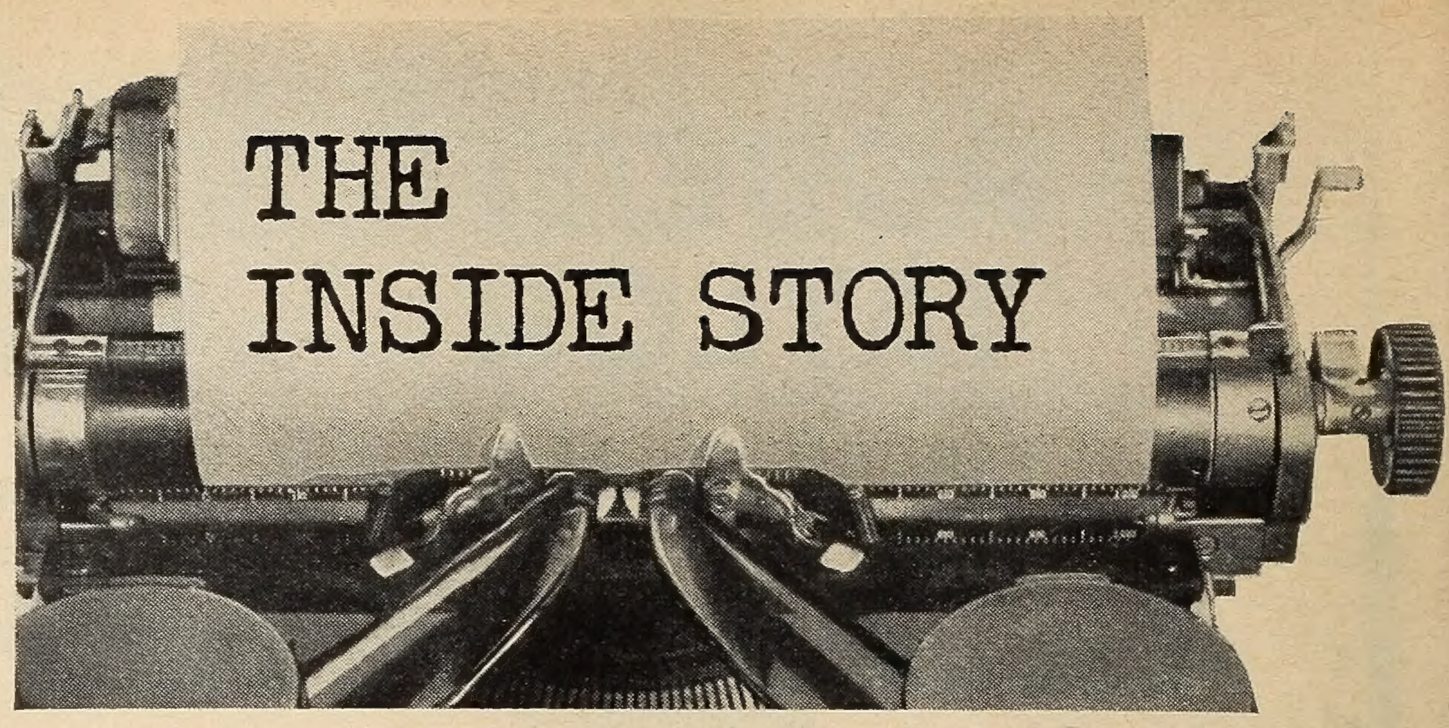
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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Anything going on between **Tab Hunter** and **Venetia Stevenson?**
—G.A., Ft. Worth, Tex.
A *Nothing serious at this point; friendship only.*

Q Doesn't Hollywood have a new Marilyn Monroe in the offing?
—O.Y., Columbus, Ohio
A *Yes, actress* ***Lee Remick.***

Q If **Sandra Dee** earned $40,000 a year as a model, why did she become an actress?
—K.G., New York, N.Y.
A *Actresses earn much more.*

Q Aren't **Lana Turner** and Johnny Stampanato about to make the headlines because of their Mexican idyll?
—L.R., Mexico City
A *No.*

Q I read where **Judy Garland**'s husband used to beat her up regularly, which is why she wants a divorce. **Jeanne Crain** said the same thing about her husband. And **Lex Barker** once blackened **Lana Turner**'s eye. How come these husbands like to beat up their wives?
—V.T., Louisville, Ky.
A *Husbandly techniques are purely individualistic in Hollywood.*

Q Hasn't **Pat Wayne** promised his dad **John Wayne** that he won't get married until he's 21?
—T.R., Miami, Fla.
A *No.*

Q How come **Frank Sinatra, Marlon Brando** and **Montgomery Clift** were never drafted?
—S.I., Provo, Utah
A *All were classified 4-F.*

Q Didn't **Debbie Reynolds** almost die while delivering her second child?
—F.G., Newark, N.J.
A *No, but she did have a difficult time.*

Q Is it true that **Earl Holliman** doesn't know his true parents?
—N.T., Baton Rouge, La.
A *Yes; Holliman was adopted as a baby.*

Q Is **Ricky Nelson** going to make a movie?
—M.F., Vero Beach, Fla.
A *If his Dad can get him the right vehicle and the right terms.*

Q Did **David Nelson,** Ricky's brother, bust out of the University of Southern California?
—L.T., Los Angeles, Calif.
A *David has taken a leave of absence.*

Q Is the **Victor Mature-Elaine Stewart** thing serious?
—C.A., Baltimore, Md.
A *No.*

Q Isn't **June Allyson** past forty?
—S.T., Miami, Fla.
A *June is just forty.*

Q I understand that **Frank Sinatra** will never marry **Lauren Bacall** because she is too domineering and hard-boiled. Is that true?
—A.T., New York, N.Y.
A *Bacall came up the hard way, struck it rich, does not mean to be domineering. And Frankie doesn't care anyway! Louella tells about it on page 19.*

Q Aren't they building up a phony romance between **John Saxon** and **Sandra Dee?** Or John Saxon and **Vicki Thal?**
—T.R., Memphis, Tenn.
A *Nothing phony about Saxon-Thal; they may already be married. The whole story is told on page 27.*

Q Is **Elvis Presley** a twin?
—R.T., Biloxi, Miss.
A *Yes, his brother died at birth.*

Q Who earns more; **Bob Wagner** or **Natalie Wood?**
—F.T., Ely, Nev.
A *Wagner.*

Q Is **Tony Perkins** tubercular?
—C.T., Hartford, Conn.
A *Once suffered from tuberculosis.*

Q Who is rated as the number-one Casanova in Hollywood among **Frank Sinatra, Michael Rennie, Vic Mature,** and **Hugh O'Brian?**
—G.T., Washington, D.C.
A *Sinatra—until Lauren Bacall came along?*

Q Recently the Continental Television Company paid almost $3,000,000 for a TV station in Rockford, Ill. What movie star owns that corporation?
—N.T., Rockford, Ill.
A ***Bob Hope*** *owns 50%.*

Q Is there any possibility that **Sammy Davis, Jr.** will divorce his new wife to marry someone else?
—V.N., Los Angeles, Cal.
A *Not much chance at this point.*

Q Does **Jerry Lewis** really have a suite of eight offices at Paramount?
—L.Y., Chicago, Ill.
A *Yes.*



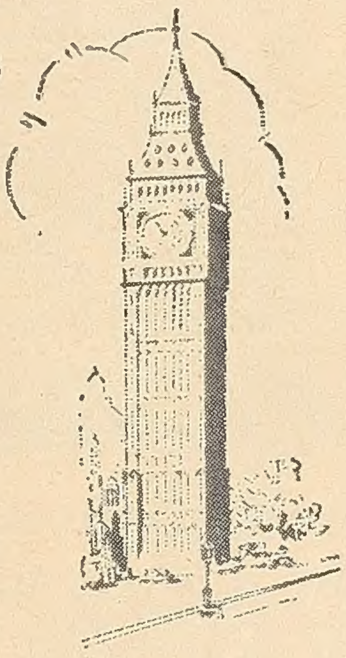
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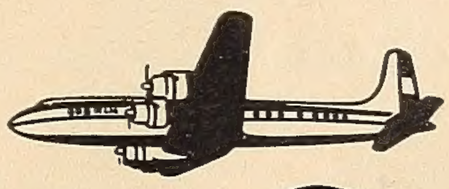
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by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR MUSIC
South Pacific
St. Louis Blues

FOR THRILLS
The Hell Bent Kid
Run Silent, Run Deep
Saddle The Wind

FOR LOVE
Marjorie Morningstar

FOR DRAMA
10 North Frederick
The Goddess
Naked Earth
The High Cost Of Loving



Mitzi Gaynor and Rosanno Brazzi have found their enchanted evening....

SOUTH PACIFIC

on an enchanted island

Mitzi Gaynor
Rosanno Brazzi
John Kerr
Ray Walston
Juanita Hall

▪ One of the most popular musicals ever on Broadway has become a three-hour movie directed by Josh Logan. It takes place in the romantic South Seas where a young Navy nurse (Mitzi Gaynor) falls in love with an older man, exiled French planter Rosanno Brazzi. When she finds out he has two Polynesian children, she starts worrying. And when young Navy Lieutenant John Kerr finds out he's supposed to marry his love—a beautiful Polynesian girl—he remembers he already has a girl in Philadelphia. Mitzi and Kerr are stationed on an island with a lot of bored Seabees. The only women *they* ever see is a middle-aged hag named Bloody Mary (Juanita Hall) who overcharges them for shrunken heads. It's Bloody Mary who first sings to Kerr of Bali Ha'i, a misty island in the distance where the natives stage exotic ritual dances. She has a daughter there and it's no trouble for Kerr to fall for her. But when he runs out on her and Mitzi runs out on Brazzi the two men undertake a dangerous mission (they station themselves on a Japanese-infested island and radio information back). The songs, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, are the ones you know and love. The scenery would be great if it weren't for that wild camera flooding the screen with every color of the rainbow, one color at a time.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR

falling in love with love

Natalie Wood
Gene Kelly
Ed Wynn
Claire Trevor
Carolyn Jones

▪ *Marjorie Morningstar* is a young girl's dream of love. And if that turns out to be a nightmare, how was she supposed to know? Marjorie (Natalie Wood) has always led a sheltered life. She's a nice Jewish girl from Central Park West and her mother (Claire Trevor) happily expects her to marry a department store heir. Natalie has other ideas; she wants to be an actress. One summer she goes to a girls' camp as dramatics counselor and there, across the lake at a big hotel, is Gene Kelly who sings, dances, composes and stages the resort's musicals. She falls in love. He likes her, too, but he doesn't want to get married. He's thirty-three and a charmer, but he can't stand the respectable life. First Mama sends wise and humorous uncle Ed Wynn up to protect Natalie. Then she and her husband (Everett Sloane) come for a look at Gene. He's just what they feared. No good. But Natalie loves him so much she's determined to reform him. He even takes a job in an advertising company; he even finishes his play. Natalie's best friend's (Carolyn Jones) husband backs it. It flops. Gene, who's been fighting off Natalie's domination from the beginning, mostly by drinking, loses himself in Europe. But Natalie picks up the trail. Another boy from the hotel (Marty Milner), who was once Gene's assistant but is now a successful playwright, is always around hoping. The acting's fine. Claire Trevor is superb.—WARNERS.

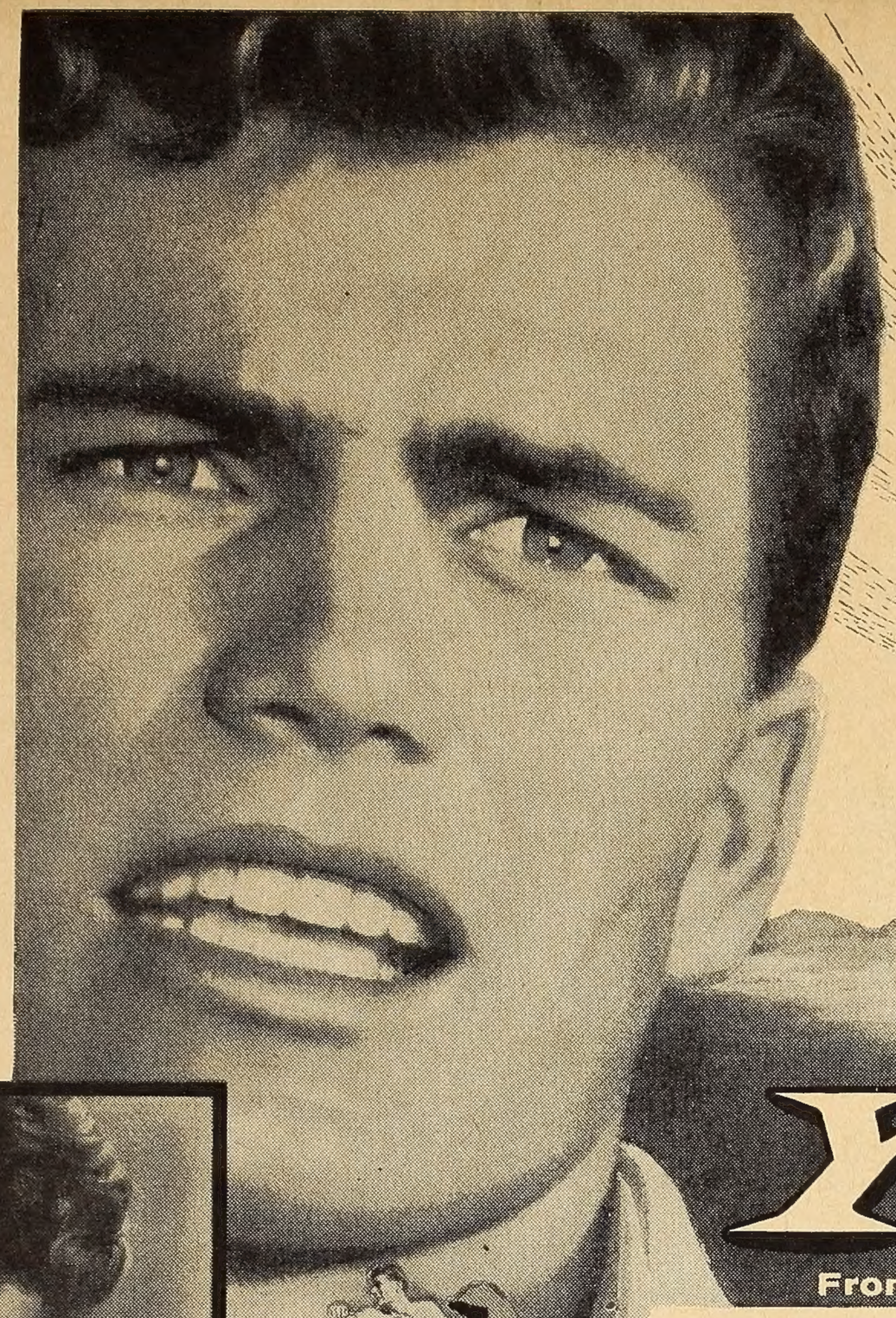
10 NORTH FREDERICK

a rich family

Gary Cooper
Diane Varsi
Suzy Parker
Ray Stricklyn
Geraldine Fitzgerald

▪ When one of Philadelphia's leading citizens (Gary Cooper) dies, the funeral party is very impressive. It turns out that in the whole party the only person who deserved any respect was the dead man. Flashbacks show you why. Mainly they reveal a very ambitious wife (Geraldine Fitzgerald) blocking her husband, Cooper, from being the loving father he really is. Instead, he goes after the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor, but Gary is like an innocent lamb. (*Continued on page 8*)

PAT WAYNE following the great Wayne tradition is sensational in his first starring role!

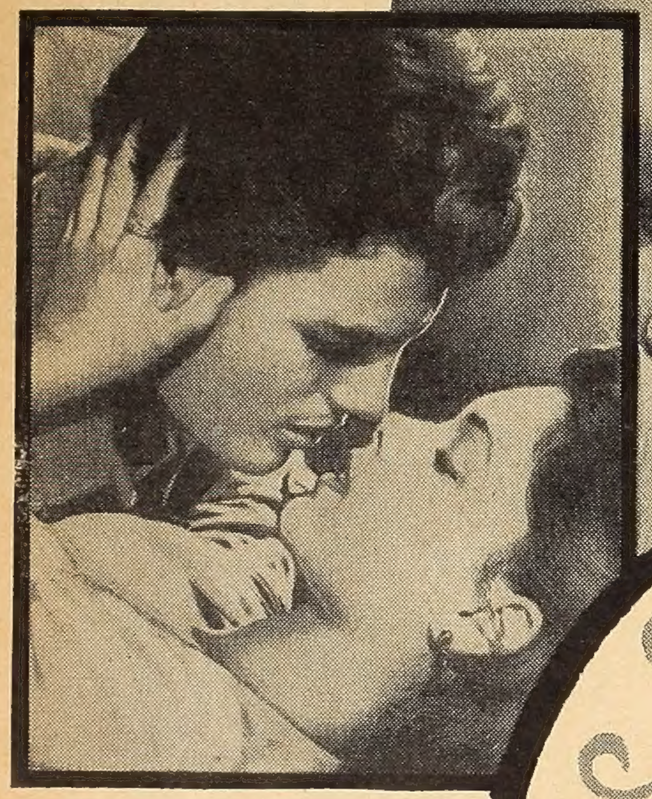


WHEN THE VIOLENT YOUNG LAND WAS HELD TOGETHER BY THE COURAGE OF A TEEN-AGE SHERIFF!



THE YOUNG LAND

From the Producer of that multiple award winner "The Searchers"





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starring PAT WAYNE · YVONNE CRAIG · DENNIS HOPPER · DAN O'HERLIHY

with Roberto de la Madrid • Cliff Ketchum • Ken Curtis • Pedro Gonzales Gonzales • Screenplay by NORMAN SHANNON HALL

From a Story by JOHN REESE · Music Written and Conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN · Directed by TED TETZLAFF

Produced by PATRICK FORD · Color by TECHNICOLOR®

Directors of Photography WINTON C. HOCH, A.S.C. and HENRY SHARP, A.S.C.

Distributed by Buena Vista Film Distribution Co., Inc.

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

Hear RANDY SPARKS Sing "The Young Land" A Verve Record

(*Continued from page 6*) He doesn't dig politics. Meanwhile, his only daughter (Diane Varsi) falls for someone below her station (trumpet player Stuart Whitman) and Cooper's political 'advisers' bully him into annulling the marriage. Cooper's only son (Ray Stricklyn) is thrown out of a fancy college he was forced to attend by Mom. Cooper is left with nothing but his wife's cold disappointment. Then he meets Suzy Parker, his daughter's New York roommate, and they fall quietly and secretly in love.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THE ST. LOUIS BLUES

Nat 'King' Cole
Eartha Kitt
Pearl Bailey
Cab Calloway
Juano Hernandez

how the music was made

▪ This movie, based on the life of the late W. C. Handy who wrote—among many other things—the *St. Louis Blues,* is loaded with talent. When Eartha Kitt sings the blues and when Mahalia Jackson sings the hymns you are really hearing something. Nat 'King' Cole, as Handy, is the son of a rigid southern minister (Juano Hernandez) who is violently opposed to popular music. Nat stifles his love for jazz in order to get an education and become a teacher. But when the time comes for his career to start he finds himself playing piano in a saloon on Mercer Street where Eartha Kitt sings (mostly his songs). Nat's father, his prim girlfriend and his sympathetic aunt (Pearl Bailey) think Eartha's evil. Actually, she's the only one who understands and respects his real talent. Even Nat, himself, is in such conflict that he temporarily goes blind. When *St. Louis Blues* is finally played by a symphony orchestra, Nat's father is convinced he isn't going to the devil. Pearl Bailey's singing talent is all but wasted in this melodious and enjoyable film.—PARAMOUNT.

FROM HELL TO TEXAS

Don Murray
Diane Varsi
Chill Wills
Dennis Hopper
Margo

superior western

▪ Don Murray is working his way across the west to find his long-lost father. Unfortunately, he stops off for a job at the ranch of R. G. Armstrong who very shortly accuses Don of killing one of his sons. Armstrong wants vengeance and sends a party after him. Too bad another of his sons gets killed—when Don stampedes a pack of horses to save himself. Followed by Armstrong and a third—and last—son (Dennis Hopper), Don runs for his life. He comes across rancher Chill Wills and his tomboy daughter (Diane Varsi) and spends the night in their camp. Meeting them is like finding the way out of a lunatic asylum. But Wills can't help much when Armstrong and his men catch up, hand Murray a horse and a head start. The thing that makes Armstrong maddest of all is that wherever Don goes people like and try to help him; wherever *he* goes—nothing. Finally Armstrong goes too far. He shoots his way into Chill Wills' peaceful, happy home, looking for Don. This leads to a fiery showdown.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

Jose Ferrer
Gina Rowlands
Joanne Gilbert
Jim Backus
Bobby Troup

a modern couple's dilemma

▪ Jose Ferrer works in a big corporation as a minor executive. His wife, Gina Rowlands, works in a small shop. They have no children. Every morning, for nine years now, it's the same old thing—getting up and getting washed and getting dressed and he puts on the coffee and she puts on the eggs and they don't say a word until they sit down to eat. They're happy. Then the corporation merges with a larger one and Jose is sure he's going to be fired. Unjustly. It burns him up. And Gina, after all this time, is going to have a baby. What is going to happen to their little world? It's a neat and warmly funny movie.—MGM.

THE GODDESS

Kim Stanley
Lloyd Bridges
Steve Hill
Betty Lou Holland
Elizabeth Wilson

what price glory?

▪ If there is hope for the troubled you certainly won't find it in *The Goddess.* In *The Goddess* you will find a collection of very lost and very miserable souls, all very well acted. On top of that heap is Kim Stanley—movie queen. The film begins with the open rejection of Kim as a four-year-old and traces her lonely, confused adolescence—out of which she emerges to marry a famous movie star's son whose one ambition is to commit suicide. That marriage gets nowhere, and leaves her with an openly rejected child of her own. Kim takes herself to Hollywood, takes for husband an ex-fighter (Lloyd Bridges) who is living off his past reputation. That marriage gets nowhere either, but Kim, through shoddy contacts, becomes a star. There she is—the adored goddess—earning four thousand a week, living alone in a palace, swilling alcohol and losing her slight hold on sanity. The point that writer Paddy Chayefsky makes, with impact of a bulldozer, is that fame and fortune cannot substitute for love. Unfortunately, the goddess is incapable of giving or accepting love. This is a brutal film noticeably lacking in compassion. Its characters have as little control over their destinies as mechanical toys. "People like us can only love our children," are the closing words to Kim from her first husband. If this generation is as hopelessly lost as P. Chayefsky thinks, we'd all better run for cover.—COLUMBIA.

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP

Clark Gable
Burt Lancaster
Jack Warden
Brad Dexter
Don Rickles

submarine warfare

▪ During World War II there was a part of the Pacific known as the graveyard because so many American submarines—including Clark Gable's—were blown to bits there. Now Gable has command of another sub, much to the displeasure of Burt Lancaster who was in line for promotion. Orders are to avoid the graveyard. Naturally, when Gable heads straight for it, knocking off a tanker and destroyer on the way, the crew gets panicky. They'd like Lancaster to take command. He nobly holds off until Gable, after a first try at the Japanese destroyer responsible for sinking all those subs, decides to make another attempt. At this point he's wounded, several men are dead and depth charges are falling all around. So—is it mutiny and back to Pearl Harbor? Or is it war? You'll learn enough about firing torpedoes to do it yourself!—UNITED ARTISTS.

SADDLE THE WIND

Robert Taylor
Julie London
John Cassavetes
Donald Crisp
Royal Dano

bad boy out west

▪ Robert Taylor was a gunfighter—but he gave it up. Now he nearly owns this big spread and all this cattle—in CinemaScope. Trouble is, his kid brother (John Cassavetes) hasn't given up anything. He stands out there in the yard shooting at everything with devilish skill. This does not amuse Taylor. John's bride-to-be (Julie London) does not please him, either—she used to work in a saloon. Things come to a pretty pass when John starts using his gun on people. First he kills a badman who's come looking for Robert. Then he kills a farmer who wants to buy fencing wire. Then he takes a pot-shot at Donald Crisp, the violence-hating squire of the area. Then he takes to the hills, and brother Robert feels compelled to go after him. That's a bad boy, all right.—MGM.

NAKED EARTH

Richard Todd
Juliette Greco
John Kitzmiller
Finlay Currie
Laurence Naismith

settling down in Africa

▪ In 1894, Irishman Richard Todd lands smack in the middle of Africa planning to join a friend and make money raising tobacco. By the time he arrives up-river his friend is dead and all that remains is a broken-down cabin, husky-voiced Juliette Greco and a missionary (Finlay Currie) who urges them to marry so that the natives won't get the wrong impression. A loyal native friend of Todd's persuades his tribe to work the tobacco field, but they desert on the very day the leaves have to be picked. Disaster brings Juliette and Todd closer, although they're too busy snapping off each other's heads to notice. Anyway, she helps him hunt crocodiles. They kill enough to retire—separately—for life, but two shady white traders steal all the hides. When Todd's native friend risks his life to get them back, Todd realizes that he's found a home away from home. Old-fashioned adventure and old-fashioned lustiness make this movie a delight.—20TH-FOX.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW SHOWING

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV (MetroColor, MGM): There's Academy Award material in this film version of Dostoyevsky's great novel. The color is thrilling and the performances are superb. Lee J. Cobb plays the depraved father. Yul Brynner is his unhappy son who loves the same woman his father desires—the passionate Grushenka, played by Maria Schell.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS (VistaVision, Paramount): Burl Ives—in his seventies, but powerful and mean—brings home Sophia Loren as his bride. He's already buried two overworked wives. His son Tony Perkins resents Sophia because she intends to inherit the farm, and he feels that it's rightfully his. Burl promises her the place if they have a son. They do—but it's Tony's. Their love affair ends in tragedy.

THE YOUNG LIONS (20th-Fox): This involves the people of both sides in the Second World War. Marlon Brando plays a German officer who learns the bitter truth about Nazism. Montgomery Clift, as a heroic American Jew, and Dean Martin, as a flashy Broadway actor, are on the front lines together. Liliane Montevecchi, Hope Lange and Barbara Rush provide the love interest. It's a big, absorbing story.

MERRY ANDREW (MetroColor, MGM): Danny Kaye is cast as an English teacher. His father is head of the school, and Danny's sort of scared of him. He goes digging for an ancient statuette in hopes of impressing his pop, and discovers instead a traveling circus. There he meets Pier Angeli. She's an aerialist, and from there on in, the action really swings!

THE LONG, HOT SUMMER (Deluxe Color, CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Orson Welles plays a domineering businessman, who owns the whole Southern town he lives in—and owns his children too. Son Anthony Franciosa tries to help with the family business and have a good time with wife Lee Remick. Then Paul Newman comes along and Orson decides he'd make a better son than his own. In the meantime he's demanding that daughter Joanne Woodward hurry up and get married. But some of these people do grow up eventually.



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Andy and his bride baby sit on their wedding night!



■ It was their wedding night.

Andy Griffith and his Barbara had had a hectic day. They had sandwiched in their marriage between performances of *The Lost Colony*, the annual historic pageant staged on Roanoke Island, and now they were alone at last. And no performances until Monday.

Barbara changed into the flowing pink chiffon negligee that was the pride of her trousseau, and Andy sighed in deep satisfaction. Here they were, alone together finally. after all the hubub of the engagement parties and the wedding itself.

They had had very little time together during their courtship. Andy had been a teacher in a North Carolina high school, and Barbara a graduate student in the University. Her people didn't exactly approve of him because he came from the mountain sections and he had deliberately shocked them once or twice by going barefoot.

In a small town, everything had to be very proper. A young man was lucky if he even got a chance to kiss his girl.

But things would be different, now. They'd be together always. Beginning tonight.

Andy had brought a bottle of champagne to the hotel room, with a couple of glasses. He was wrestling with the cork when they became aware of a heartsick wail coming from the room across the hall.

"What in the world can be the trouble?" Barbara said.

"Beats me," said Andy. "But I guess it's not our problem."

The cork finally popped out of the champagne bottle. and Andy was pouring champagne. The wails became louder and more piteous.

"It's a child," Barbara said. "Andy, we've just got to find out what's wrong."

"Let somebody else find out." Andy grumbled.

"But she may be sick. She may be dying!"

"Oh all right, all right."

So the new Mr. and Mrs. Griffith tapped on the door across the hall. It flew open. and a woebegone little girl of five threw herself into Barbara's arms.

"My mommy's gone away, my mommy's gone away," she wailed over and over.

"Well, your mommy will come back," Andy suggested.

"But I'm scared," the tot wailed. "I had a bad dream."

"Never mind, dear," Barbara said. "You just come right in here with us till your mommy gets back. . . ."

It wasn't until five o'clock in the morning that the tot's mommy came back to the hotel room, and throughout the long night, Andy and Barbara told fairly tales to calm their hysterical little guest.

And so it was that Andy and Barbara baby-sat until dawn on their wedding night!

Watch for Andy in Warner Bros.' No Time For Sergeants *and* Onionhead.



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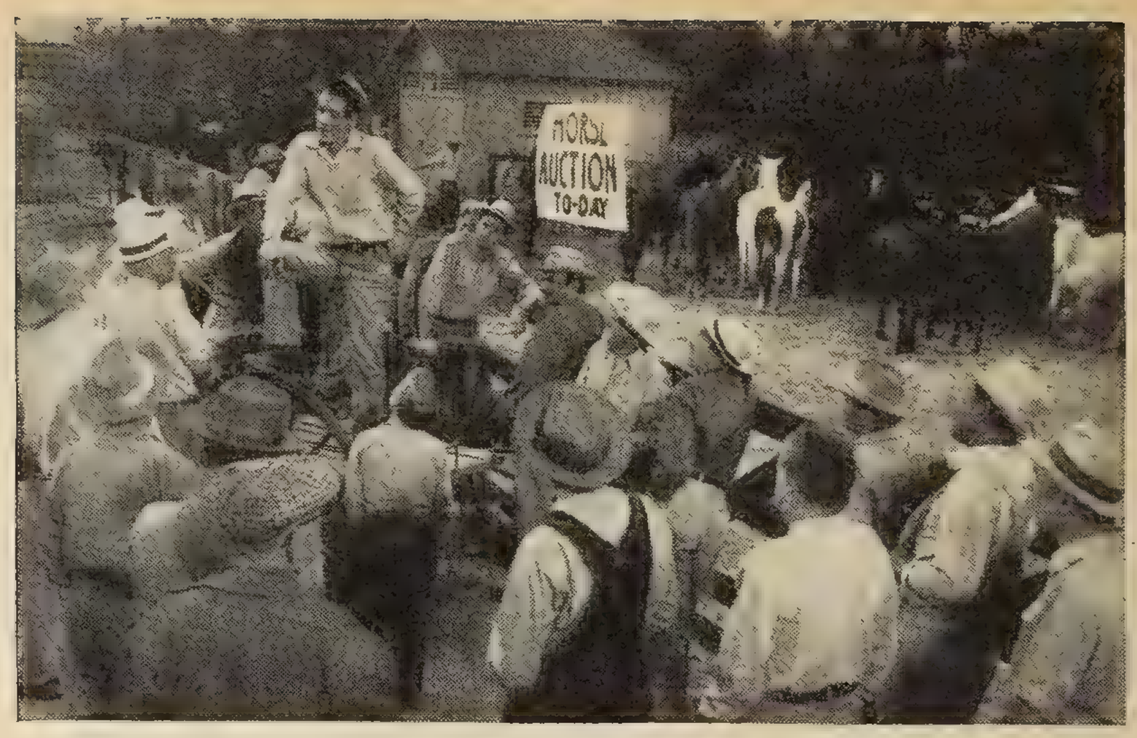
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DEODORANT TALC

At last a fresh fragrant talc that *deodorizes*—the perfect answer to those hot, sticky summer days. Use *all over* every day for *safe* sure protection.

New man in town



■ It was Thursday in Clinton, Louisiana. The September sun was bright and the tall magnolias and pine trees shading the century-old southern buildings immediately reminded the visitor of *Gone With The Wind* and Rhett Butler and Scarlet O'Hara. This was just the atmosphere that the handsome visitor had come to Louisiana looking for, and as he parked his car he smiled with pleasure at his find.

There are not many people in town on Thursday—or any other week day—in Clinton, but the few that saw the young man walk from his car knew that he was a stranger and paused as they would to note any stranger's appearance.

He knew immediately that these people were curious and that he would need help in the plans he had made to keep his identity a secret. He decided the person to whom he should go for this help was the publisher of the local paper!

He found the small building that housed the *Citizen Watchman* and went in to meet Roland Hudson, the man he was looking for. He told Hudson of his plans to "hang around town a few days, incognito" and Hudson was glad to help.

That night, Hudson introduced the stranger to Hugh Fooshee, young man about town. Hugh—or *Brother*, as his friends call him—was also told of the stranger's mission in coming to Louisiana. Brother with his soft drawl and friendly manner was just the kind of guy the stranger had hoped to find to pal around with during his stay in Clinton, and for the next few days the two were inseparable. They drank coffee at the main street cafe, played pool, and loafed around town.

To the folks who got inquisitive, the stranger was introduced as Ben Snopes, who had worked with Brother for an out-of-town pipeline company. Once Hudson told folks that the stranger in town was a friend from his days as a Navy flier.

And so, day after day, with Brother's help, the stranger came in contact with the local people who in general took him for granted and behaved just as they would if he were truly Ben Snopes, construction worker.

One day a group of teen age girls came down the street. One of the girls thought he looked sort of familiar, and after discussing it among themselves they decided to come right out and ask, "Are you a movie star?" The stranger, being the natural actor that he is, was mighty convincing when he laughed and gave his story of denial.

Pleased with the success of his anonymity, the stranger decided to tempt fate a little further and make a trip to the state capital, twenty-eight miles away. Dressed in khaki pants, a t-shirt and moccasins he and Brother spent the afternoon in Baton Rouge. They stopped at crowded drug stores for coffee and passed hundreds of Saturday shoppers on the streets, who for the most part did not give him a second glance.

But one night, watching a ball game in the stadium at Clinton High School, the stadium lights were bright and two girls recognized the stranger as—Paul Newman. television and motion picture star. This time Paul didn't try to deny it. His mission had been accomplished. He had been able to talk to the townspeople and observe first hand their Southern speech and manner. He had found the little details that would help more than anything to give authenticity to his role of *Ben Quick* in 20th Century-Fox's *The Long Hot Summer*.

The next morning Brother took Paul to the airport in Baton Rouge. As the plane started down the runway, Brother turned to the mechanic standing near him and said. "There goes one good guy." Then he grinned, "He's been hanging around here to see how we talk—and now he's got me saying 'Guy'!"

In just a week this 'guy' would return to Clinton as Paul Newman, the movie star. With Joanne Woodward, Orson Wells and the rest of *The Long Hot Summer* crew he would remain on location for three or four weeks. He would meet most of the same people and go to the same places, for he knew this town as only a stranger like Ben Snopes could know it. Paul Newman could never have been 'just a new guy in town.'

Paul's in 20th-Fox's The Long Hot Summer, *and will appear in MGM's* Cat On A Hot Tin Roof *and Warners'* The Left-Handed Gun.



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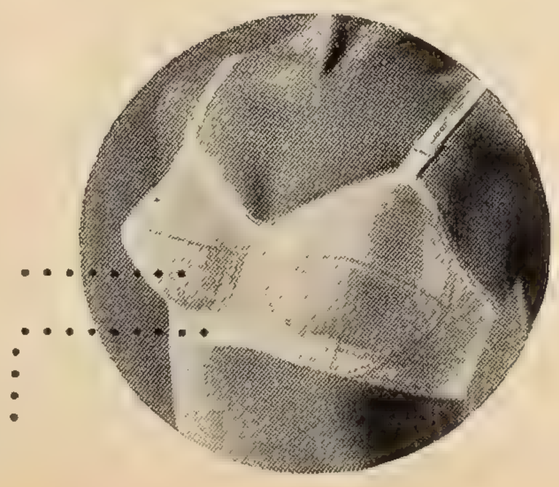
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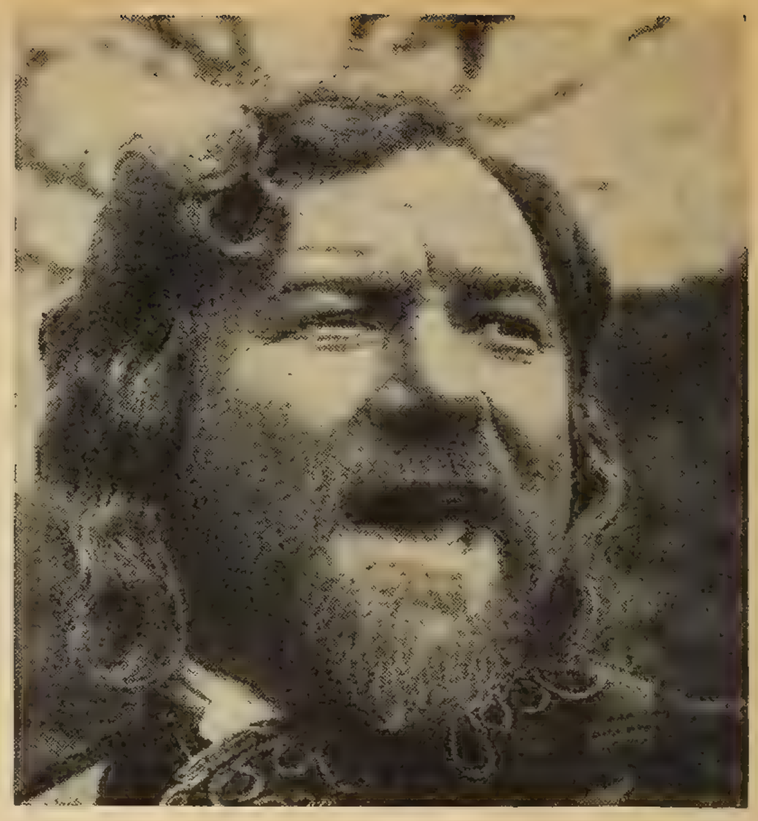


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NEW *"Soft-look" Pin-Quick*
RICHARD HUDNUT



this beard **STAYS!**

■ James Robertson Justice is a man very much attached to his beard. He's had it for twenty-two years. And fought long and hard to keep it.

First, there was his mother. She was dead against it, because a bearded son "made her look old."

Then there was the matter of the talent scout who discovered him. Justice was sitting in a restaurant one day, when a man came over and announced, "You're just what we're looking for," and said he'd like to introduce him to the producer. Justice figured *why not?* and came along.

But on the way, as the talent scout was enthusing about how right he'd be for the role of the headmaster in *Vice Versa,* he went on to say, "But of course, we wouldn't want the beard for every role. For this part, yes, but after that. . . ."

And James Robertson Justice got to thinking. He liked his beard. Although he had grown it originally just because he wanted to save the time and trouble of shaving, now he wouldn't give it up for anything. He even trimmed it himself, entrusting it to no mere barber. He'd tried out different shapes, the classic Van Dykes, the Monty Woolley styles, the Schweppes—and a few of his own.

He hadn't asked to be an actor; didn't care, really. He'd had all kinds of jobs in his lifetime—from school teacher to gold miner. And he didn't need to be an actor. The money would be good, but that's all he cared about. So he made up his mind when he saw this producer, he'd lay it on the line: take me, take my beard.

And now they arrived, Justice and the talent scout.

Determined, James Robertson Justice walked up to the big door marked PRIVATE, opened it, and there was—Peter Ustinov. The bearded Peter Ustinov!

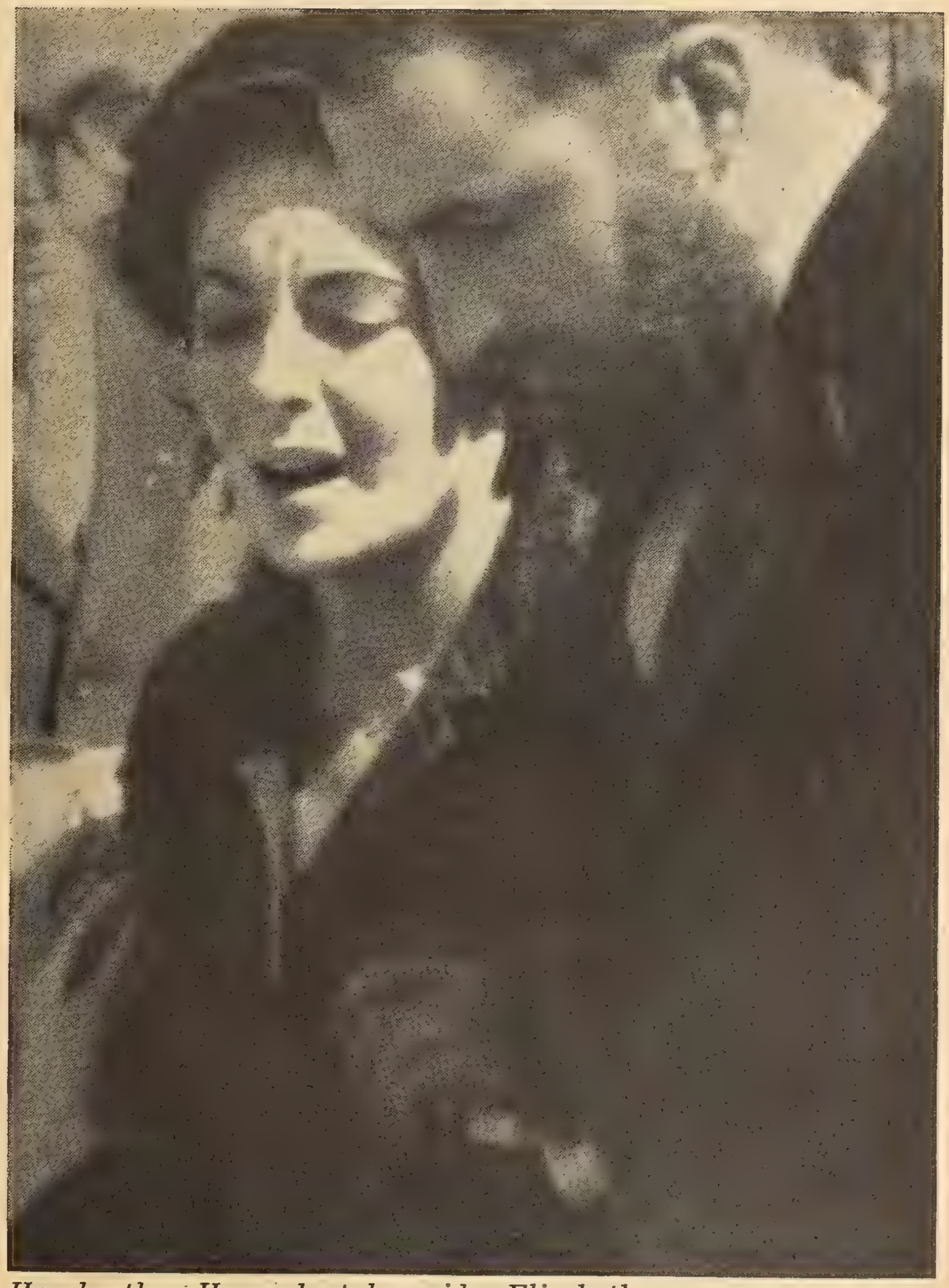
And so, now it's in his contract—that he'll never have to accept a role requiring him to shave off his beard! **END**

See him now in Rank's CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM *and next in* SEVEN THUNDERS.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

This month I can't call my column 'Good News,' despite the new babies, happy weddings and hard-won awards. We cannot erase the sorrow of Liz Taylor's great tragedy.



Her brother Howard at her side, Elizabeth Todd, widow, sobbed her last farewell— "Sweetheart, I can't leave you here. . . ."

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



THE DEATH OF A SHOWMAN and



The terrible, bitterly tragic crash of his private plane that took the life of Mike Todd cast a pall over the Academy Awards—which was to have been Hollywood's most glittering night—a pall that no attempted gaiety could hide.

The men and women of the industry put on their best finery and the best smile they could muster, but each and every heart wore a band of deepest mourning for the great showman who was gone and his beautiful wife Liz whose heart was crushed in grief.

"Why, why, why did it happen? I wish I had been with him," she kept sobbing over and over.

"I loved him so much and he loved me, more than anyone can know.

"Without him I feel like half a pair of scissors.

"That's what he used to tell me when he was away for just a little while. Oh, my dear God—help me to bear this for the sake of the children."

Instead of the gorgeous gown Helen Rose had designed for Liz to wear Academy Award night, as the lovely nominee of *Raintree County*, she was helped aboard a plane on a murky, overcast morning two days before Oscar night, in mourning, to attend the burial services for Mike in Chicago.

What a difference between this Academy Award and that of a year ago when a deliriously happy Mike had run down the aisle—then run back to kiss Elizabeth—before he vaulted onto the stage of the Pantages Theatre to pick up five Oscars for *Around The World In 80 Days*.

That night last year, I had sat with Mike and Liz and Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher at the party at Romanoff's following the presentations, and I sincerely believe on that night—with his beloved Liz's hand held tightly in his—Mike Todd achieved the happiest moments of his life.

Little Lisa had not yet been born and Liz was expecting.

Mike said to me, "How can one man know such happiness?" When a little daughter was born to them on August 6th, 1957, he telephoned a close friend, "Now I have *two* of Elizabeth to love."

But the intense, bombastic, vital Mike was a gambler at heart—a gambler with great sums of money and with his emotions. He must, at times, have been a little superstitious about his fantastic happiness. He said to a reporter in London, "When I caught up with that little dame I found all the happiness there is in the world. Perhaps, too much happiness.

"I'm a gambler and I have a great respect for the law of averages.

"I'm flying so high—maybe I have to come down!"

How sorrowfully prophetic those words were.

But he ended the interview with a typical Toddism, "What am I talking like this for? I'm gonna live to be an old man in a gold rocking chair."

Even had he lived, Mike Todd would never have been "an old man." He was too alive, too youthfully intense to ever be anything but a young and vigorous man. And his spirit will remain that way always in our hearts.

To Elizabeth we can only say, with a heartfelt prayer in each word, God bless you and give you strength. . . .

THE DEATH OF A WOMAN'S HEART



AFTER-THOUGHTS on the ACADEMY AWARDS

Quick tears sprang to winner **Joanne Woodward's** shining eyes when a messenger handed her a huge box of orchids at the banquet following the presentations. She handed the card silently to **Paul Newman,** who in turn handed it to me. It read, I Am So Happy For You. (Signed) **Elizabeth Todd,** And Mike Too.

Except for this poignant moment, what a night! If our town was bustin' its buttons with pride over the great show and the brilliant ball following, it's only natural. For this was Hollywood's own show, without benefit of automobile commercials—and never before have so many great stars taken part in a program.

I am sure you must have seen it and read detailed accounts of the brilliant event. So, from now on I'll just give you some of my personal observations about things that stood out:

Rosalind Russell's long scarlet Chinese mandarin coat, under which she wore skin-tight trousers made of black lace over nude chiffon....

The touching humility of **Red Buttons,** clutching his best-supporting-actor Oscar and in a happily dazed manner saying, "Thank you, thank you so much" before some of the guests had a chance to congratulate him. . . .

The verve and sprightly freshness of **Doris Day** before the microphone—and Doris claims that she gets stage fright in public!

That lovely little bit of Japanese porcelain, **Miyoshi Umeki,** so surprised at winning the best-supporting-actress award that she didn't have a speech ready. What a cute thing she was in her native costume....

The wild shrieks from the sidewalk and bleacher fans going up for **Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, John Wayne** and **Jimmy Stewart**—who says the teenagers have to have new faces?...

Biggest pleasant surprise among the masters of ceremonies, **Jack Lemmon,** proving he can wisecrack and keep things going with the best of them. . . .

Too bad **Alec Guinness** couldn't be there to win his best-actor award in person, but when Columbia tried to fly him from London they were told they'd not only have to pay his way—but pick up the entire cost of closing down his current film! . . .

Rock Hudson dropping by our table to say he'd never had more fun than doing the *Baby, It's Cold Outside* number with **Mae West.** "She's just great, and I think she's due for a comeback," laughed Rock, "if, that is, she's ever been away. . . ."

I sat with **Joanne** and **Paul,** 20th boss Buddy Adler and Jerry Wald—who produced the fine Academy Awards show and received many compliments—**Hope Lange** and **Don Murray, Cary Grant, Jennifer Jones** and David Selznick and Jimmy McHugh. I thought what a wonderful scout Hope proved herself to be when she was so sweet to little Japanese **Miyoshi Umeki,** who beat her out for best supporting honors. . . .

Who, oh who, picked out that hot maroon velvet dress, trimmed in fur, for **Natalie Wood** to wear when every other woman was arrayed in spring finery?

Burt Lancaster and **Kirk Douglas** bringing the house down with their singing....

Clark Gable and his pretty Kay stopped by to say *hello,* and Clark admitted to me he got a kick out of his stint of awarding the prize for best script. Never before has the King taken part in an Academy show. . . .

Kim Novak's deep blue-purple sequin gown so tightly fitted she had to walk to the stage with the pace of a snail. . . .

I greatly admired **Debbie Reynolds** for her courage in keeping her promise to sing *Tammy* when her heart was so sad over the loss of Mike Todd. . . .

Don't say I said so, but one of the greatest beauties was **Lana Turner,** who hasn't looked as glowing and exciting as she did on Academy night in a long time.

And so the 30th anniversary of the Academy Awards has moved into its spot in history—but it will long be a stand-out in the minds and hearts of Hollywood. . . .





Above *"Baby, It's Cold Outside," Rock sang to Mae West.*

Left *Director John Bryant told Alec Guinness he won*

Below, Left *King Gable and his wife Kay were there too.*

Below *And Joanne Woodward got the Oscar—and a heart-warming telegram...*







Red Buttons and Miyoshi Umeki hug each other—and their Oscars.

The House That Marlon Rented

The house that **Marlon Brando** rented from wealthy grocer Robert Balzer for **Anna Kashfi** and himself is *something*—to say the least. Several years ago Balzer became a monk in an Occult religion and his fabulous home reflects his deep interest in the Orient.

There are objets d'art all over the place, including a gold dinner set valued at $50,000, with gold lacquered chopsticks to eat with! And Balzer left this for the Brandos to enjoy.

Someone asked Marlon if he and Anna sat on the floor most of the time, as there are more pillows than chairs around the place.

"*We're* sitting on chairs while Anna's pregnant," replied Marlon, providing he has more humor than he's credited with.

This marriage at the moment is doing quite well, thank you. Brando may not be the most orthodox of husbands, but at least much of the early tension is gone.

His father, the very attractive Marlon Brando, Sr., adores Anna. While Marlon was in New York recently, his Dad gifted Anna with a beautiful new car.

Attached to the wheel was a card reading: *From me and my boy. We both love you.*

And here's a little secret. Marlon wants a little girl!



Zsa Zsa Gabor and her sister Eva surround Noel Coward at that party Zsa Zsa threw for him—where I got that scoop!

My Lauren-Frankie Scoop Scoops Up A Hornet's Nest

I love the trade paper columnist's "surmise" that I delayed the announcement that **Lauren Bacall** had admitted to me that **Frank Sinatra** had asked her to marry him, to coincide with the release of my MODERN SCREEN cover-line story, LAUREN BACALL CONFESSES: I'LL SAY YES TO FRANKIE!

Pretty cute idea. But doesn't happen to be true. It's hard enough to hold a scoop a few days in Hollywood, much less the weeks it takes to print a magazine. However, I'm delighted that my newspaper headline broke at a timely date for MODERN SCREEN. (You are welcome, David Myers and staff.)

As a matter of cold fact, my meeting Betty Bacall at the exciting party given by **Zsa Zsa Gabor** in honor of **Noel Coward** and **Eva Gabor** the night they opened in *Present Laughter* was quite accidental—or as accidental as running into the same people at the same parties ever is in Hollywood. I'll have more to tell you about Zsa Zsa's party a little further along.

But getting back to the Bacall-Sinatra scoop: I had been tipped off at the theatre that Betty and Frank had plans to be married and very soon. So the minute I saw her, already glowing with happiness, as I entered la Gabor's residence, I made a bee-line right to her and said, "I hear Frank has asked you to marry him—and you have said 'Yes,' of course."

Betty laughed. "Of course. But why don't you call Frank in Florida?" He was there on a singing engagement.

Why call Frank after Betty had admitted to me it was true and she was backed up by their close friend, agent Irving Lazar, who warned, "Don't say I said so—but it's true. They will be married soon."

That's all Parsons needed. I was off to the races with my prize SCOOP.

What a hornet's nest it stirred up when my story broke in headlines the following day. One columnist even printed that Betty denied she had said what she did to me. She didn't deny it—I'm afraid that charge was just wishful thinking on the part of the femme scribe.

For twenty-four hours, Frankie wouldn't say a word in Florida. Then he came up with his old gag, "I consider my private life is my own. I have nothing to say of a personal nature." You'll notice he didn't deny it!

What their status will be, by the time you read this, I don't know. As I've said before, these two fight and fight and FIGHT. But despite all the scrapping, Betty Bacall deeply loves the Thin Singer and if she gets her heart's desire she'll be Mrs. Frank Sinatra with bells on, and I mean—wedding bells!

Zsa Zsa Throws a Party

Getting back to the Coward opening and **Zsa Zsa's** party, it was the most brilliant theatre evening our town has celebrated in a long time. All of us adore **Noel Coward,** not only for his sophisticated performances but for his wit and humor, which is as devastating off stage as on. His leading lady **Eva Gabor**—and she surprised everyone with her excellent stage technique—is Zsa Zsa's sister, so of course the occasion called for a party at la Gabor's Bel Air home.

Most of the beautifully gowned women were in long dresses in beautiful pastel colors. Only **Roz Russell,** noted for her fashion daring, showed up in a very short skirt above her knees—but with her excellent legs, it looked chic.

Zsa Zsa's Party (*Cont.*)

Gracie Allen was having a ball telling everyone that she really meant it when she said she is going to retire. "Then I can sleep later in the mornings and stay longer at these parties," she laughed.

Mary Benny, who has done very little work since Jack went off radio and turned to TV, backed Gracie up: "I don't know what the fuss is about that Gracie will be bored after she retires. I'm certainly not bored since I stopped a weekly show. There don't seem to be enough hours in the day to do all the things I want to accomplish. I think Gracie is wise to take it easy."

Van Johnson created a near-sensation by *not* wearing his red sox with his dinner jacket. When he was asked *How come?* he looked puzzled himself. "Must be out of respect for Noel, who is always so impeccably groomed," he ventured.

Everyone was crowding around **Red Buttons** and his pretty wife, wishing Red well in his race for the best supporting Oscar in *Sayonara*. He is such a nice guy and so worthy of winning.

It was getting very late indeed when Zsa Zsa invited her guests to partake of the Hungarian dishes she served for supper.

But I had gone quite awhile before, my **Lauren Bacall-Frank Sinatra** story being much more on my mind than a taste of even the most delicious goulash!

Debbie Gives Birth to a Son

When young Todd Emanuel Fisher was born, his mother, **Debbie Reynolds,** had a very bad time of it. He was a big baby by modern-day standards, eight pounds seven ounces. She didn't recover nearly as quickly as she did from the birth of little Carrie Frances.

She had planned to accompany Eddie East on a business trip three weeks after the baby's birth, but her doctor wouldn't let her. Of course, this brought on the usual hot rumors that Debbie and Eddie aren't hitting it off, which was too bad. Debbie keeps her chin up about all the gossip—but she's really hurt by it.

Of course she and Eddie are just bustin' their buttons with pride over the birth of a son. Before she even left the hospital there were so many telegrams and letters from fans and friends that they had to be packed in a big box. For a while they were toying with naming the baby Reynolds Fisher, combining the names of mama and papa. But Eddie wanted Todd Emanuel—the *Todd* after their close friend, the late **Mike Todd,** and the Emanuel after the late Mannie Sacks—so Todd Emanuel it is. Anything Eddie likes is all right with Debbie.

When I talked with Debbie after she came home from the hospital, she said, "I'm disappointed I can't go to New York with Eddie. But he's promised I can make the next trip with him."

This girl really loves her guy.

A Prince for Monaco

The Stork was a busy bird again this month and in the case of **Princess Grace (Kelly)** and Prince Rainier of Monaco his flapping wings made news in headlines. It was a boy—as their Serene Highnesses had devoutly prayed for—an heir to the throne of Monaco.

Everyone got a big kick out of the photograph printed in American newspapers showing Prince Rainier on the balcony of the Palace waving to his subjects right after the birth of his son and holding a *frowning* little Princess Carolyn, their 11-month-old daughter, in his arms. The adorable little chubby Princess looked burned about being shoved off the throne by her brand new brother! Cute.

PERSONAL OPINIONS:

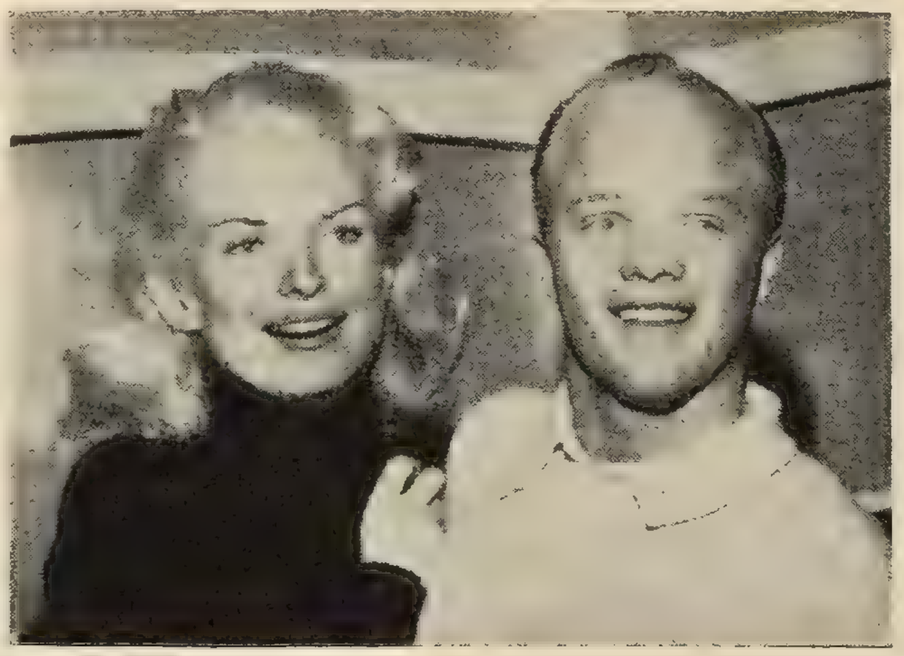
Joanne Woodward is starting her married life off right. It was she who suggested to **Paul Newman** that they take a house big enough to have his three children spend their summer vacation with them....

Bing Crosby is *not* objecting to son **Dennis** marrying show girl Pat Sheehan, no matter what you hear to the contrary. Bing says, "The boy has to live his own life. We all do." While Bing and Kathy were on a recent trip to Las Vegas, they visited Dennis and Pat and they all had dinner together and by the time you read this Bing probably will be Pat's father-in-law....

My spy in Rome informs me that **Tony Franciosa,** well disciplined in the theatre before his movie fame, is startled by the antics staged by **Ava Gardner** during the making of the *Goya* film. Before the picture ever started, Ava called for a reading of the script in her hotel apartment. After the first five pages, she threw it in the air saying, "This is impossible. I won't do it." But she did....

Elvis Presley never takes a plane. When the *King Creole* company returned from location in New Orleans via airliners, Elvis arrived two days behind them because he insisted on the train. What's he going to do, now he's in the Army, if they insist he fly from camp to camp?...

Sid Luft is spending a fortune long-distancing **Judy Garland,** begging her to come back to him even though she's filed for a divorce. She's charging him with striking her and refusing to return her separate property. But this time Judy insists she is through and finished. And I believe her.



Der Bingle's son Dennis is about to make pretty Pat Sheehan his missus.



He's in the army now, and here's Private Elvis Presley in his fatigues.



Here's that cute picture of Princess Caroline frowning at Rainier's announcement.



I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—

Carolyn Jones, the brunette, big-eyed, younger edition of Bette Davis, even to her marked acting talent. And Carolyn's wit is every bit as salty as her predecessor's.

Appearing before the TV cameras at a recent swank première, the master of ceremonies greeted her with elaborate surprise, "Well, Carolyn—what a wonderful surprise to see you—"

And, before he could go on, Carolyn said, "It is not. You asked me to appear on this spot with you a half-hour ago!"

She first zephyred across the film sky with an outstanding performance in *Bachelor Party*, in a bit role so sensational, in fact, it rated her an Oscar Nomination in the best-supporting category. Just recently she completed *King Creole* with **Elvis Presley.** Before that, she scored another marked hit as **Natalie Wood's** pal in *Marjorie Morningstar*. This girl can do anything!

Very happily married to writer Aaron Spelling, wedded life is one of the few things Carolyn doesn't joke about. "I don't feel I was alive until Aaron came into my life," she says seriously.

"There's not a moment of my life I'm not grateful for him."

They both came to call on me not long ago and I was impressed with how well suited they are to one another, how they complement each other. She is much more proud of his being the only writer, with the exception of Eugene O'Neill, who has *twice* won the Harvard Award for one-act plays than she is of anything she has achieved.

Born in Amarillo, Texas, her real name is Sue Carolyn Jones. Encouraged by her drama teacher in high school to try her wings on the stage, Carolyn played summer stock in Maine and appeared in small roles on TV in New York before a Paramount talent scout brought her to Hollywood. She had lean days in the beginning and she and Aaron went hungry more than once. But those days are over. They're *both* on their way.

OPEN LETTER to Shelley Winters:

Girl, *no* actress ever put so much realism as you have into your role in *The Diary Of Anne Frank*—and I mean putting on forty brutally unflattering pounds in weight!

If that isn't enough, you'll suffer even more for your art by losing the entire forty during the progress of the picture as you become the victim of Nazi cruelty and starvation.

Many actresses previously have had to do some padding if their parts called for plumpness. But never has one eaten herself out of shape and acquired two extra chins because of devotion to realism. Even your close friends don't recognize you with your new matronly—to put it mildly—figure.

But, my friend, the worst is yet to come.

You told me, "I really had a ball putting on this weight. Ate everything I've forbidden myself for years. The most fattening thing I did was to raid the ice box and eat sandwiches and cake just before going to bed."

Remember that, you plump gals.

But taking it off isn't going to be any fun. I feel for you after you told me, "I'll go on a liquid diet for a full week. Nothing but fruit juices and clear broth. This should take off about a pound a day. My doctor says I must then stop for a few days and eat meat in order to retain my strength. Then back to the liquids again—as the Nazi treatment gets worse." *Nazi* treatment?????

I love your little joke with your director George Stevens, who says he never asks a player to do anything he wouldn't. So, you've got him reducing forty pounds along with you.

I don't know—but it seems to me there should be some sort of a special Oscar for this type of suffering, Shell. Good losings!



Shelley Winters didn't at all mind putting on those extra forty pounds for her new picture—but taking them off!





Above *Ingrid Bergman and Lars Schmidt's romance seems to be disillusioning one fan. . . .*
Above, right *Dinah Shore's gown is a dream, and husband George Montgomery looks like he thinks so, too. . . .*
Right *One fan doubts Natalie and Bob's marriage will last a year.*



THE LETTER BOX:

"So **Ingrid** *does it again—I mean, announce to the world that she'll spend* ANOTHER *summer on* ANOTHER *island with* ANOTHER *man!"* blasts MRS. PEGGY BARSTOW, PHOENIX. *"The way I feel about Miss Bergman is sheer disillusionment. Anyone can make one mistake, but she seems to make a* HABIT *of shocking Americans. . . ."*

Plenty of cynicism in this month's mail. VIVIAN BEERS—who admits she hails from ST. LOUIS, the city of beer—opines: *"With all this madly-in-love honeymoon publicity we're being fed, I hope* **Natalie** *and* **Bob Wagner** *make it last at least a year!"* Why, Vivian! . . .

EVIE KELLER'S letter in the March issue, in which she states she's met several actors and all they can say is "huh" or "yeah," stirred up a protest from BARBARA LUETT, of SAN JOSE: *"Obviously, she hasn't met that very articulate actor,* **Jeff Hunter.** *I had a luncheon interview with him for our San Jose State paper, and he discussed intelligently from the function of the liver to the relationship between Vitamin C and cancer cells."* Good for Jeff—but that would hardly be my favorite luncheon conversation subject, Barbara. . . .

"I believe that **Marlon Brando** *and* **Anna Kashfi** *will make a success of their marriage despite his odd behavior as a husband,"* writes DOROTHY DRUMM, of LOS ANGELES. *"Anna, with her knowledge of the Occult and its philosophy, which is as old as Buddha himself, will understand Marlon and eventually bring peace to his restless nature."* Very nice thought, D.D. . . .

Postcards MRS. MYRTLE MULLINS, DALLAS: *"Television stars such as* **Dinah Shore** *and* **Patti Page** *are stealing all fashion honors from Hollywood's movie stars. There's not a star on the screen today who qualifies as a 'best-dressed woman.' On the other hand, it's a pleasure to tune in on Dinah and Patti, who always look dreamy."* Them's fightin' words, Myrt. . . .

*"***James Cagney** *lost me as a fan when he gave out that interview that the older actors should retire and make way for the younger stars,"* protests CHARLOTTE TATUM, MEMPHIS. *"If Mr. Cagney wants to retire, that's his privilege. But don't take* **Clark Gable, John Wayne, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Gary Cooper** *away from us who love these wonderful guys. . . ."*

On the other hand, SANDRA TORNILY, HUNTINGTON, W. VIRGINIA, believes: *"Thank heavens for* **Paul Newman**—*a new face, a new talent, a wonderful new actor in that dead sea of old faces Hollywood keeps pushing at us. Please write more about Paul—perhaps an interview."* How about it, DAVID MYERS? . . .

"I have a feeling that **Judy Garland** *is suffering unbearably over the turn her personal life has taken,"* writes SAVANAH SMITH, TOLEDO. *"I wish you would print just a bit of this letter to let her know that she is deeply loved by her loyal fans and that she always will be No. 1 star in our hearts."* I'm sure Judy will appreciate those sweet words. . . .

JIM PROSER, NEW YORK, reports: *"I saw an unknown lady walk up to* **Rock Hudson** *in a hotel lobby on his recent trip to New York and tell him she was a fan. Instead of acting like he was impatient and trying to get away from her as fast as possible, as I have seen other stars behave, Mr. Hudson shook hands and stood chatting wtih her for quite a while. He was so polite, he even walked with her to the revolving door and operated it for her when the lady departed. I call that nice manners."* And I agree, Jim.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



®Kleinert's SPORTS GIRDLE KEEPS *YOU* IN BEAUTIFUL FORM...

whatever form your special fun takes! And it's such a *comfortable* way to be beautiful on the beach, trim on the tennis court, sliver-slim when you bowl! Kleinert's pantie girdle is made of pure natural rubber. It's velvet-textured outside *and* skin-side...never feels sticky. It's perforated to let your skin "breathe"; has a non-roll top. It slims you the second you slip it on...yet gives you "no-girdle" freedom! Pink or white; small, medium and large. About $2.50.



Debbie (that "Tammy" Gal) is back...more wonderful than ever!

She teaches a bachelor the facts of life... and learns about love from the boy next door!

DEBBIE REYNOLDS
CURT JURGENS
JOHN SAXON

THIS HAPPY FEELING

CINEMASCOPE in Eastman COLOR

Co-Starring

ALEXIS SMITH MARY ASTOR
with ESTELLE WINWOOD

Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS • Screenplay by BLAKE EDWARDS
Based on the Play "FOR LOVE OR MONEY" written by F. HUGH HERBERT
and produced on the stage by BARNARD STRAUS
Produced by ROSS HUNTER • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Hear: DEBBIE SING her new hit song "THIS HAPPY FEELING"

Universal International

GET MORE OUT OF LIFE...GO OUT TO A MOVIE!



GARY
takes some lessons

■ When Gary Cooper hired a teacher, he expected to learn *something*—expected some of his teacher's knowledge to rub off on him. But he sure didn't expect to imitate his teacher in one of the most fantastic feats that teacher ever pulled off!

It all started kind of casually.

Gary, his wife Rocky and their daughter Maria were vacationing at Dedondo Beach.

"Hey," big Coop drawled one day, "I hear there's a fellow giving skin diving instruction around here. How about it?"

So the three of them signed up.

And Peter Gimbel started teaching them the ins and outs of swimming around under water like a fish—except for the tank of oxygen that the human fish wore strapped to their backs.

From just about the first lesson on, the Coopers knew there was something kinda familiar about their teacher's face.

They soon found out what it was.

They'd seen it in the papers—the day Peter Gimbel made headlines with his swimming, investigating the sunken remains of that tragic ship *The Andrea Doria* . . . the ship on which Ruth Roman almost lost her life.

So what do Gary, Rocky and Maria do just about as soon as they caught their breath over the news that they were learning from a celebrity? Why, the Coopers go out and find a sunken boat that the experts had once found—and lost again. A boat that had been built at least a century before!

And for a souvenir, Coop got one of the big square nails that they stopped using for ship-building in the middle 1800's!

"Yup," as Coop might drawl, "good teacher, that fellow. . . ."

See Gary now in 10 NORTH FREDRICK *for 20th-Fox. After that he'll be in Warners'* SUNDOWN.

Danny Kaye's new diet

■ The secret life of Danny Kaye used to be concerned with diets. The reason? When Danny works, he *loses* weight.

Once when she was little more than a bride, Sylvia remembers, Danny left her to go on a rest cure to gain pounds. After a couple of weeks of five meals a day steadily, he came back with four additional pounds.

But this was too good to last. Another siege of work and again Danny was too busy to eat and the skipped meals added up to more lost pounds.

It was just about that time that Danny came up with a diet absolutely guaranteed. It consisted of nothing but beer and stout. Mr. Kaye proceeded to empty the refrigerator of nearly everything to get room for the beer and stout. Sylvia was in despair—the cook left. After a week of beer and stout Danny lost two ounces and that was the end of *that* diet!

One day Sylvia came home to find the refrigerator cleaned out of everything but milk. Quarts and quarts of milk and a banana tree in the living-room! Sylvia demanded an explanation.

"They tell me that the milk-and-banana diet far outdistances the beer-and-stout diet," Danny explained sweetly.

But the cook said, "Choose the diet or me"—and Danny chose her.

Next came the wine-and-cheese routine. Wine and cheese occupied the refrigerator space until the neighbors wanted to know where that odor was coming from. And of course this wasn't pleasing the cook, either.

And the result? Danny didn't gain an ounce.

But Danny doesn't have to worry about his weight any more. The younger generation took over in his life, and Danny filled out.

This is how it happened.

First it was his daughter Dena. He found her so enchanting that he fell in love with all the other little girls—and boys, too—in the whole world.

And he went around the world making the kids of UNICEF laugh—the kids being fed and doctored and housed and helped to laugh by UNICEF, the United Nations International Children's Emergency Foundation.

Kids just naturally take to Danny Kaye, and he could reach them when no one else could. Kids whose hearts and minds had been so hurt by war that they had almost forgotten what it was like to have someone care.

He clowned for them and raised money to help them, and he got so many kicks out of it he forgot about diets.

Perhaps it was because he was nourished by the milk of human kindness that these are the pounds which have stuck. . . .

Danny's latest picture is M-G-M's MERRY ANDREW.



whatever you do...
be ahead in beauty

The glamorous, natural-looking colortones of your Noreen-rinsed hair will win admiring glances. Whatever you do, wherever you are ... at work, at play or at formal affairs ... you know your hair always looks lovely. That's the beauty of a Noreen Color Rinse; surely, yet subtly, it accents your natural hair coloring, blending in unwanted drab streaks and stray gray. Noreen color is easy to apply, takes just a few minutes, and your hair stays color-right 'til next shampoo. Today, introduce gleaming new colortones, new sheen and beauty into your hair. Several of Noreen's 14 temporary rinses are right for you.
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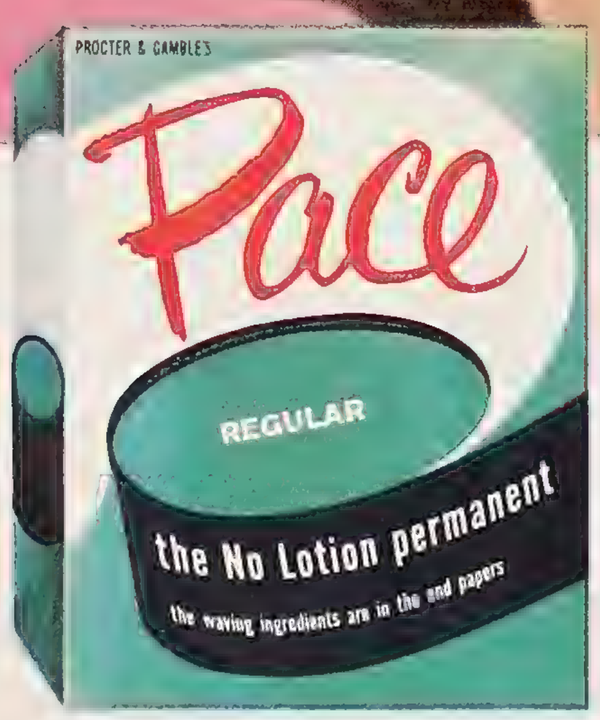
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no lotion!

New kind of
Home Permanent
from
Procter & Gamble





Costs no more than lotion permanents—$2 plus tax.
Choice of 3 strengths: Regular . . . Gentle . . . Super

Every end paper contains its own waving ingredients—just the right amount for each curl

Because the end papers themselves measure out the waving action, your wave will be perfect

Easiest, fastest way yet to a reall lasting wave—just wind, wet wit pure, clear water, and neutraliz

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A home permanent with the wave in the end papers instead of a bottle of lotion. That's Procter & Gamble's new PACE.

Guesswork taken out. Because each paper contains just the right amount of waving ingredients—never too much, never too little—you get a perfect permanent *automatically*.

No more waves that take in one place, don't in another. No more stragglers or strays. No mor "first week" frizz.

No messy, strong-smelling lotion. Just win hair as usual, wet with water, neutralize, and look An even, lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature

So now there's no reason to leave the house fo a permanent. Not when it's next to no fuss at a to get one at home. That's with PACE—the worry free way to a perfect wave. How about today?

Wind curls as usual. Any home permanent curlers will do. (End papers do the waving.)



Squeeze on **clear water** with PACE'S han plastic bottle. No messy, strong-smelling lotio



Pace

Procter & Gamble's
no lotion permanent

© P & G., 1958

Night time in Paris, and the husky, square-jawed young man and the delicate-looking girl with flyaway, pixie bangs stood with their arms around each other, looking down on the waters of the Seine River.

The Seine—weaving through Paris —weaving romance—weaving dreams. Here, along the mysterious banks, men have held rendezvoux with love, rendezvoux with life and sometimes rendezvoux with death.

No thought of somberness, no thought of unhappiness floated in the air that night when the two young people in love stood with their arms entwined around each other.

"Paris — this is something I've dreamed about for a long time," said the girl softly. "To be here together— to me that's the perfect proof that dreams can come true."

"You're so right, Vicki," said the boy gently. "Just to be in Paris would be wonderful. But to have you here with me—that makes it perfect."

John Saxon was in Paris to make *The Reluctant Debutante*, and his girl, Vicki Thal, had just flown in from Hollywood (*Continued on page 62*)



"JOHNNY SAXON IS SECRETLY MARRIED!"

That was the exciting report
that travelled along
the grapevine in Hollywood.
We heard it, our ears perked up,
and we went out to find
the truth. This is it.



Rock came to my door the other day.

For the first time he seemed hurt.

Behind his shy smile was a troubled heart.

He asked me for a favor.

He asked me to tell you

THE TRUTH ABOUT THOSE ATTACKS ON ROCK HUDSON

by Louella Parsons

If there has been any doubt in Rock Hudson's mind about his having reached the very top in Hollywood—he knows now!

They're firing on him!

This good old American sport is reserved only for those who have reached the loftiest heights—such as Presidents of the United States, prize fight champions, the top football and baseball teams . . . *and* Hollywood's leading movie idol.

On second thought, some European Kings whose brows have uneasily worn a crown can attest to the fact that sitting high on a throne can ofttimes allow an excellent pot shot at a royal *derrière.*

The firing on Rock has been going on for some time underground—where all first class revolutions begin. But it broke into wide public view just recently in a Look Magazine article titled on the cover: *Rock Hudson—Why He's No. 1.* The story inside went on to make you wonder *why* indeed.

The article charged Rock with being a "mechanical man" with little brains and few emotions of his own; a robot who is the successful reflection of an astute and clever agent, Henry Willson. He was depicted as a man without a sense of humor, and even his extraordinary good looks were challenged as artificial because, early in his career, he had to have a tooth straightened!

It was the first serious out-and-out blast on *The Rock,* and without further ado, if you want to know how he feels about it, he's angry!

Even the California weather, which has been glorious this year, had turned bitter cold the day Rock came to see me. Wind, rain and hail beat against the windows as we sat before a warm, blazing fire sipping hot coffee and tea—the coffee for Rock, the tea for me.

Contrary to the magazine's broad insinuation that Rock can't comb (*Continued on page 60*)



If you were Judi Meredith,
what would you do about
this crazy mixed-up problem?

"I LIVE WITH MY BOYFRIEND'S FAMILY!"

Love produces some strange situations. But the position in which Judi Meredith finds herself tops them all.

What's the situation?

Judi's living with her boyfriend's family—and boyfriend Wendell Niles, Jr. is three thousand miles away . . . and will be for the next year or so!

How'd that happen? Well, it all started one hot July afternoon when Judi had a date with Troy Donahue and—

"Whoa!" says Judi, "it started before then—or I'd never have got to Hollywood to meet Wendell in the first place!"

Well, then, it all started with Britain's famed Queen Victoria—because that was the role Judi was playing on TV when Universal-International Studios signed her up to co-star with Johnny Saxon in *Summer Love.*

(*Continued on page 72*)



an afternoon with Clint Walker

(it may be

■ Exhausting? Not for this 6-foot-six, 235-pound hunk of muscle named Clint Walker! He likes nothing better than doing for his five-foot-couple-of-inches wife Verna, and their eight-year-old daughter Valerie. "They keep this Walker on the run!" Clint complained. But we must admit he was grinning when he said it, that day we came to visit and got a look at how this ex-cowpuncher, ex-stevedore, ex-sheriff spends his off-hours. How *does* he spend his days off? Well, building furniture that Verna wants—and shopping with her, too. Or finishing up that tree-house that Valerie got all excited about. Oh, sometimes he may take off for a spot of skin-diving or hunting. But never for long: *his* life is built around his home, his wife, his child . . . and they fill his heart as completely as Verna and Valerie fill his arms. . . .





Sitting around and strumming on 'the old geetar' may be good fun, but it never lasts long. Sooner or later Clint remembers those kitchen shelves he's building for Verna and it's back to the old workshop. He's a real master builder.



exhausting—but it's fun)





But this is a family it's worth building things for . . . 'cause they let Daddy play too. He's always welcome in the tree house—he plays elevator so well. And he's always willing to lend a helping hand when you swing.

But the best thing Daddy swings is an axe. It provides firewood for Verna, a chance to help for Valerie and man-sized exercise for big Clint. Comes the end of the day, who's tired? Everybody!



OUR GOING-AWAY GIFTS...



TO
PRIVATE
ELVIS PRESLEY
U.S. ARMY



Here's a peek into your future, Private. . .

Remember that first pie Kay Wheeler made for you? . . .

TO: Private Elvis Presley
U. S. Army
FROM: David Myers
Editor
MODERN SCREEN

Dear Soldier,

You've been tricked.

You didn't know it at the time—but that lunch you and I had together in Hollywood just before you left for the Army was part of a big fat plot.

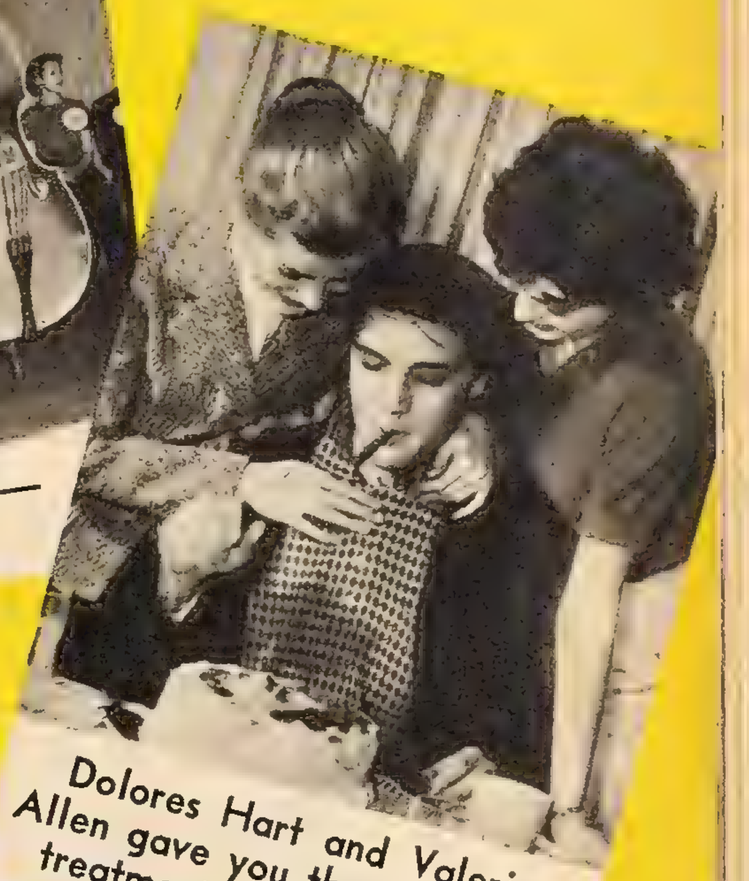
I felt pretty sneaky about it at the time, sitting there asking all those questions, as though it were the most casual of conversations, two old friends getting together, reminiscing about the past and speculating a little on the future.

You ordered, remember?—two grilled

(*Continued on next page*)



Your first public appearance—as a professional. Remember?



Dolores Hart and Valerie Allen gave you the red carpet treatment. Remember? . . .



Anita Wood. Remember? Who could forget! . . .



Remember what Cousin Gene said to you and Nicky Adams? . . .

These're for your wallet, Elvis . . . the people—and the things—you love. Especially when you're lonely or blue, pull 'em out and remember we all miss you, too. . . .



Mother and Dad. Remember this picture? . . .



The Colonel, suh, Colonel Parker. . . .



And the first day in the new house. Remember? . . .

(story continued from previous page)
cheese-and-tomato sandwiches, a side of french fries, a side of bacon, a double heap of apple pudding and a chocolate malt . . . and then a Bromo-Seltzer for one of us, *me!* And after you ordered—and unknown to you—I began taking pages of mental notes so we here at MODERN SCREEN would know how to fill the box.

What box?

Well, just stop scratching where your sideburns used to be for a second and let me explain.

You see, El, soon as we heard you'd gotten your Greetings from that Uncle you've been helping support in high-style these last couple of years, we decided it would be a nice idea to send you some kind of going-away present—just so you'd know that we were all still thinking about you.

We racked our brains for a couple of days. And then we came up with the one thing all us guys who've been *(Continued on page 67)*





"Goodbye sideburns, once and for all."



ELVIS' going-away GIFT to you

"I might be away for quite a while . . . I don't only want to be remembered on a stage with a flashy costume, and a guitar in my hands, and long sideburns. I'm saying goodbye to *friends*. This is the way I want them to remember me, smiling . . . and with a haircut! This might be my last photograph for a while . . . I'd like to make a gift of it to your readers. It's just the way I want to be remembered. Love to all my friends . . . be seeing you soon,

Elvis Presley



Ever since I was a kid I've liked boys.

"I'll never forget my first official date. I didn't know how to act. You see, my older sister and my mother are the extroverts in our family, my dad and I are the quiet ones. So for days after this young romeo had asked me out, I was both excited and nervous. The night before the big occasion my mother gave me some advice. Advice!! She practically wrote dialogue for me! She told me that all males, regardless of whether they're thirteen or thirty-three, like to talk about themselves. And—she rehearsed me in a whole set of questions to ask, all guaranteed to be conversational icebreakers.

"Five minutes after the evening started my routine went out of the window. Mother had forgotten to tell me one very essential thing—what to do if my date didn't answer!

"To make a sad story short, my first date was a flop, because he turned out to be as shy as I was!

"I asked him a question, but instead of its being the beginning of a great evening, he turned red, mumbled something which to this day I still can't figure out and then lapsed into complete silence.

I was lost, absolutely lost. Today, of course, I'm glad it happened, because that way I discovered at a tender age that *you can't rehearse for a date and learn lines like you do when you study a movie script.* My only salvation that first evening was that we were going to a movie. I kept thinking to myself as soon as we get into the show I won't have to say anything! But to complicate things, my date and I walked to the theater. It took twenty minutes to get there, but our (*Continued on page 88*)

"...right or wrong I listen to my heart"

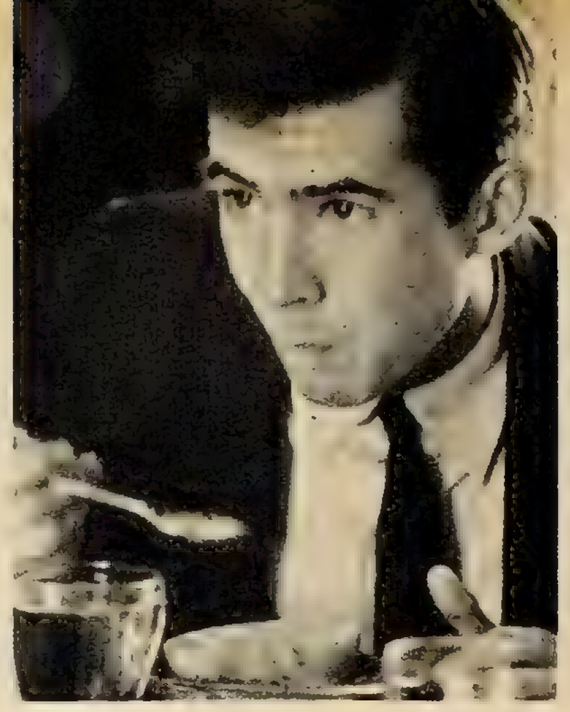
by Kim Novak, as told to Marcia Borie





Q. *If you were shipwrecked on a desert island—who'd you like to have shipwrecked with you?*

TONY: Pumky—my dog—and Sophia Loren!



Q. *Is success all you dreamed it would be?*

TONY: Nobody who eats breakfast in a restaurant, alone, is a success.



Q. *Do you have any hobbies?*

TONY: Painting—this kind. The other kind that I do is the wall-painting type. I painted my own apartment on 56th Street, in New York.

person to perkins... *a TV-type interview*



Q. *What's your favorite food?*

TONY: Orange juice—I squeeze it by the quart!



Q. *Whats' your pet peeve?*

TONY: Kibitzers—unless it's me, of course. But at least I *try* not to tell the other fellow what he should have done!



Q. *What's your favorite pastime?*

TONY: Browsing in book-shops . . . and browsing for old movies!

"'Help me,' I said...
and they did..."

the JOHNNY MATHIS story →

the

JOHNNY MATHIS

story



Nothing like a pep talk via Western Union when a fellow's getting stage fright.

"These telegrams, these people...gave me the



Johnny Mathis reached back, smoothed the wrinkle in his shirt collar—and that did it. He was finished dressing. The biggest night in his life had come—the night of his Hollywood nightclub debut—and he'd arrived in his dressing room about two hours too early, just to make sure he got dressed right and in time. And now, twenty minutes later, he was all through with any dressing he'd had to do. For a minute the thin, good-looking singer wished he hadn't made such a point of explaining to everyone that he wanted to be alone before the opening show. He'd thought he might get nervous if there were a lot of commotion, that he might—for just a little while, at least—like to be completely by himself. But man, he sure could have used a friendly face right now, sure as anything.

For a moment he stared at himself, stiffly, in the long mirror beside the door, and then he walked over to his dressing table and sat and, almost automatically, he looked down (*Continued on page 78*)

memories, these

courage to go on."



Comes in handy having a brother in the business, figures Ralph, when a guy needs some, professional advice.



Johnny comes from a singin' family. That's his dad at the piano, with sister Linda and five-year-old niece Cathy sitting by. And in back—his brother Ralph, sisters Marguerite and Elizabeth, Johnny, kid brother Michael and Mom—who never lost faith. . . .

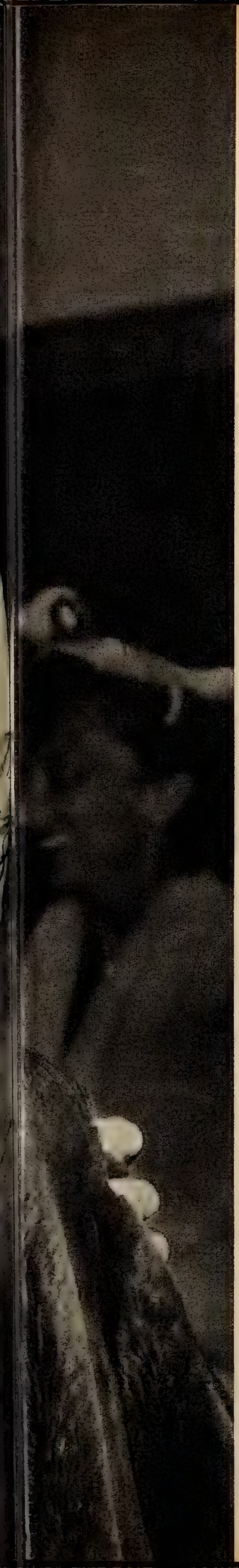


Above *Helen Noga, Johnny's manager, explains a fine point about styling. Her house is his home away from home.*
Below *Johnny's number-one booster is Sammy Davis, Jr.*





When the moment came, she left Eddie with a smile and a pat on the arm; this was one road she had to travel by herself...



Debbie's thrilling morning with the Stork...

Debbie Reynolds was just about as impatient a young woman as you could find anywhere on earth as Eddie tucked the blankets around her tired body on the night of February 23.

She sighed out loud. Eddie Fisher, her ever-loving husband, looked apprehensively at her. She managed a smile as his eyes caught hers.

"Don't you worry and fret now, Eddie, it's just that this is getting to be the living end. How much longer will I have to go on wondering what this little bundle under my heart is going to look like?"

"Honey, it can't be much longer," Eddie told her, hoping what he said was the truth. "It just *can't* be!"

Debbie's baby was two weeks and three days overdue at that moment, the longest and most harrowing seventeen days she'd ever had to live through. Recalling those endless days, Debbie quite a while afterward said, "I used to feel that way about Christmas—my goodness, would it ever arrive?—but this was worse. The constant, awful strain of it."

Eddie, sitting in a chair near her bed, dozed away in a fitful nap. And she felt herself slipping into slumber too. And then!

She experienced the first faint warnings of a miracle about to happen!

She sat quickly upright. She was on the point of calling out to Eddie—until she saw his weary head nodding on his chest. (*Continued on page 76*)

by Florabel Muir



JAMES DARREN, PART 2

Gloria and Jimmy tried to cheer me up in the amusement park, but I still felt bad. I knew Mama was heartbroken. I had called half an hour before to say:







by Ed DeBlasio

"Mama, I can't come home..."





Everybody was at Mama's: Uncle Dom, Grandma, Aunt Sara, Mama and Pop, (of course), my brother Johnny, Grandpa, Dom's wife Betty, Aunt Cora, Cousin Vicky, Uncle Mannie—everybody . . . but me.

Crowded South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, had seen plenty of commotion in its time. But never anything like this! What was up?

James Darren—better known in the old neighborhood as Jimmy Ercolani—was coming home. And this was certainly a cause for celebration. After all, Jimmy and his wife Gloria had been home only once before in the two years since they'd gone to Hollywood—for something like seven hours, between public appearances in Washington and New York—and the fact they were coming in now meant they'd be bringing another Jimmy with them, their year-old-son, to show off to his grandparents and all the other relatives and friends of the family.

Jimmy's kid brother Johnny and Johnny's wife had already arrived early that Saturday morning at the tiny row house where his folks and grandparents lived. As had Jimmy's Aunt Sara, with her daughter, Lorraine.

And a truck from the bakery. And a truck from the big Italian grocery store down the street.

Now, a little after ten o'clock, another car was pulling up—this time with Jimmy's Uncle Mannie, his wife Cora and their daughter Vicky.

And then, right behind it, came another car —with Uncle Dominick and Aunt Betty.

A third truck fol- (*Continued on page 74*)

The never-before-told story of

THE BRIDE NOBODY KISSED

of Sophia Loren's bittersweet wedding day



The rain had gotten worse through the night and now it slapped hard against the window. Sophia Loren stirred in her bed. Normally she would have popped her eyes open and wondered to herself: *What time is it; it must be five or nearly five; I must get up and get ready to go to the studio.*

But on this particular morning—Tuesday, September 17, 1957—she did not open her eyes. This was a very special morning in her life and she was half-dreaming a very special dream. And nothing, not the rain, not the studio, nothing was going to spoil it for her now.

It was a beautiful thing, this dream. It was of a wedding morning—her own. Sophia was back home, far away, in Naples. She'd just been awakened, not by rain, but by a ray of golden Italian sunshine that streamed through the tall window and fell onto the bed alongside her and seemed to whisper a warm 'buon giorno, cara, buon giorno.'

Then the door opened and Maria, her beautiful young sister, had rushed in and plunked herself on the bed alongside Sophia, ruffling up the sunshine with *(Continued on page 69)*



For so long, through so many lonely days, Sophia had waited for this day when Carlo would arrive. . . .



I couldn't find a girl in Hollywood...

(but I found one in San Diego)

The evening was balmy and clear. The moon shone brightly on the Pacific Ocean as the waves rolled lazily toward the shore. It was a spring night, made for lovers, and I was determined to make the most of it. . . .

Next to me in my open Thunderbird convertible was one of Hollywood's loveliest and most promising young actresses. My arm was around her waist, her head nestled on my shoulder, her soft blonde hair caressed my cheeks. I bent over her and kissed her tenderly. I was in heaven.

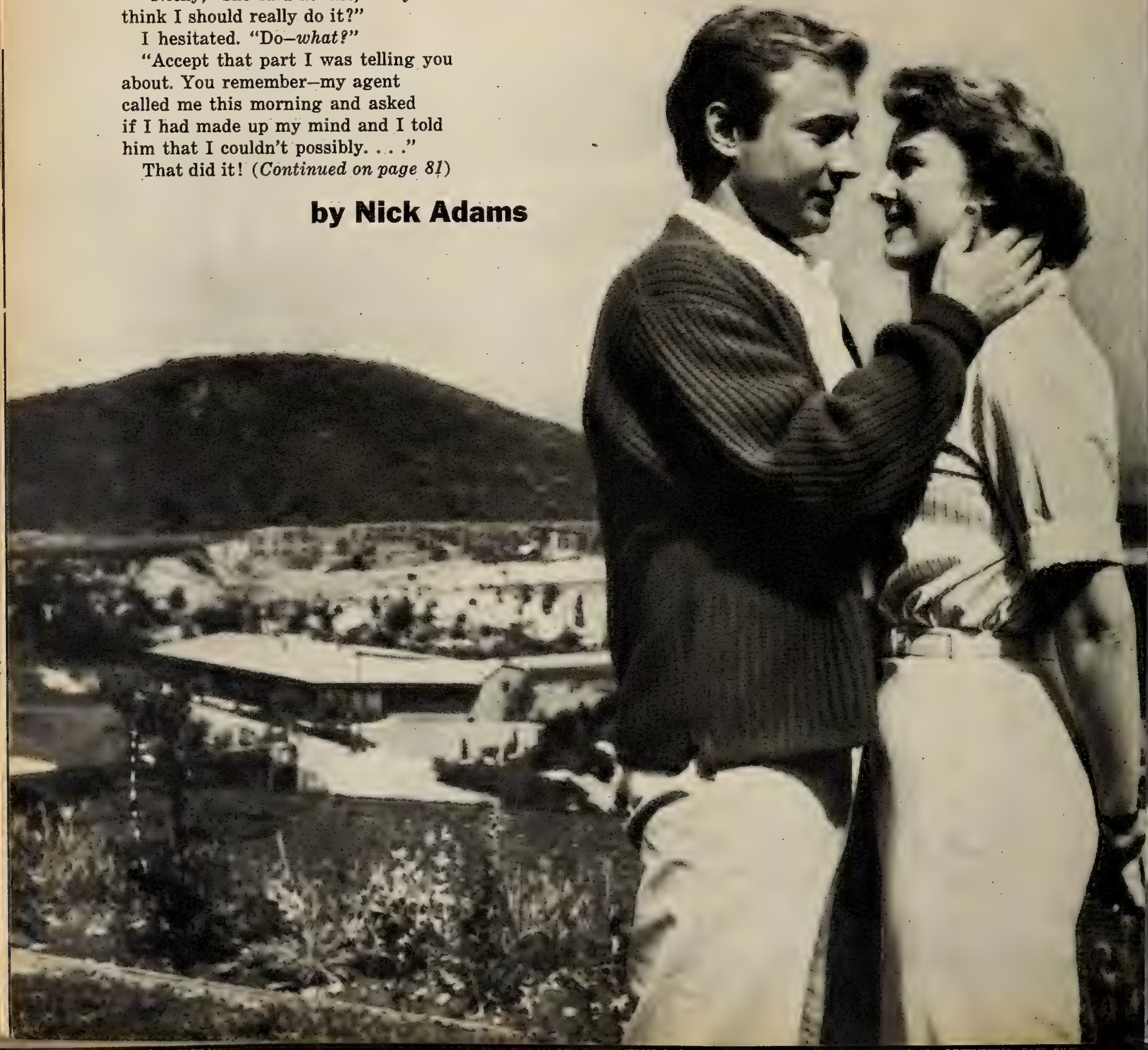
"Nicky," she said at last, "do you think I should really do it?"

I hesitated. "Do—*what?*"

"Accept that part I was telling you about. You remember—my agent called me this morning and asked if I had made up my mind and I told him that I couldn't possibly. . . ."

That did it! (*Continued on page 81*)

by Nick Adams

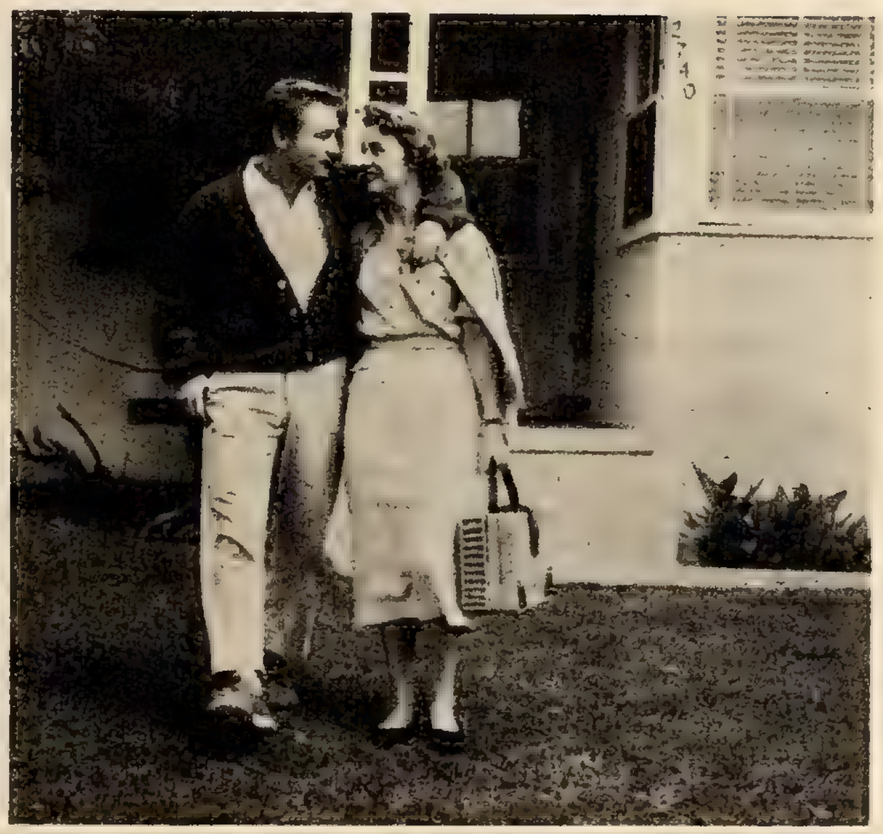




That's Evelyn Wickland I'm being introduced to—Lois' best friend . . . .



Then young Michael and the head of the house, Roger, came out to shoot the breeze . . . .





The growl in my stomach told me it was time to head for the hills —and even walking to the car Lois wasn't letting go of that picnic hamper! Ever try helping lady-and-lunch into a car?



You know how you feel when you're with the right one—and having a wonderful time?

ESTHER and the BLIND CHILDREN

"GOD bless you, Miss Williams," the woman said softly. Her cheeks were wet with tears. "God bless you—"

Esther, tall in her high heels, tried to smile down at her and found herself blushing. "Please," she said, "I haven't really—" she reached out a hand to the woman.

And to her intense surprise, the woman seized it and raised it suddenly to her lips. Before Esther could move, she had kissed her hand—and turned and fled.

And Esther stood staring after her, with the tears beginning to well up in her own eyes.

She was still standing there, motionless, when she felt a hand tug at her skirt. She looked down, and a little girl was beside her—a chubby child with brown braids and a small, shy smile.

"Miss Willyum—now Mommy's gone, will you take me back? I want to change into my swimsuit, all right?"

"Of course it's all right," Es said. The tears disappeared as rapidly as they had come. With one hand she brushed a loose lock of hair from her forehead. With the other she reached for the child's fingers, took them firmly in her own.

"We'll go across the grass," Es said. "In about ten giant steps we'll come to the curb—don't forget it, now."

"I won't forget," the child said. "I hardly ever fall over anything any more."

She got no reply. For Esther Williams, walking hand in hand with the child across the sunlit lawn of the school, was repeating silently a prayer—a prayer she had said once, years ago, and never forgotten. A prayer she repeated now, a hundred times daily: Lord, guide (*Continued on page 87*)

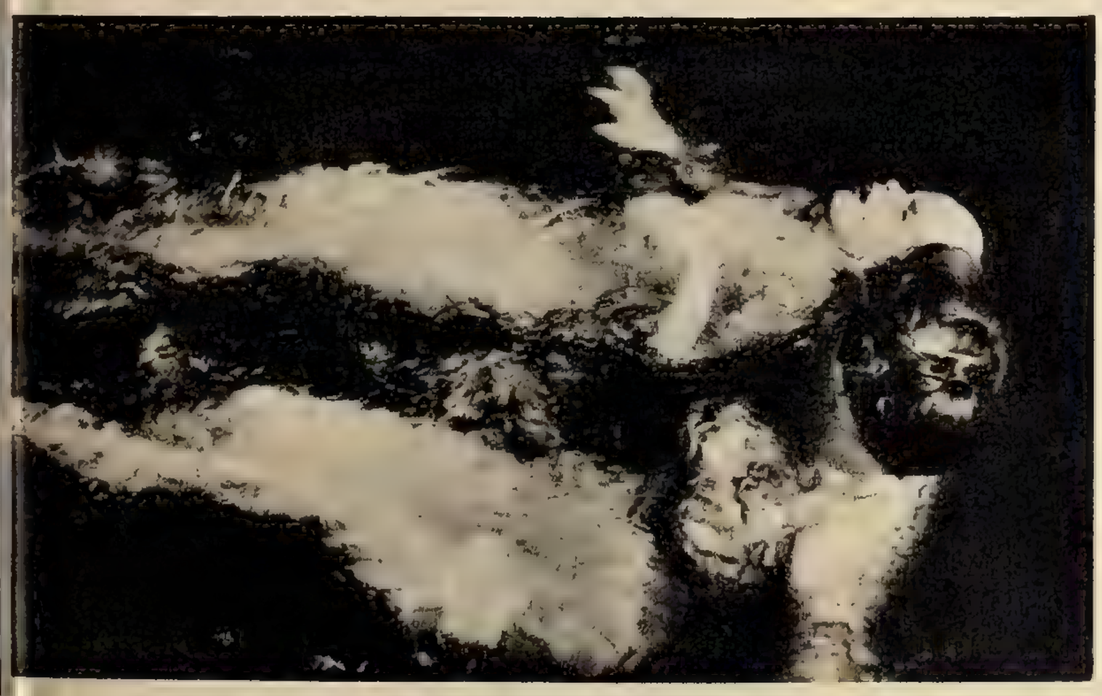






The first steps . . . slowly Esther Williams leads the blind child into the water—where one day she will plunge joyously ahead.





Teaching a blind child to float is the hardest part of Esther's job, because of the fear of having sound shut away. But the new self-confidence of her little swimmers —outside of the water, too—makes the work worth it.



You remember her as Allison in Peyton Place

Now we take you on a journey into **the very private world of DIANE VARSI**



For Diane, 'the bright, sweet thoughts of childhood'— are memories as dark and frightening as the bottomless depths. . . .

All right, Mother. I'll say something. As soon as I can I'm going to get up, pack my things, and leave. I never want to see you or this town again," Diane Varsi whispered. Then she put the script down and looked up.

Across the room, Mark Robson was staring at her. He licked his lips. He cleared his throat. "You read that," he said finally, "as if it were the story of your life." He shook his head. Then, slowly, he added, "I've been making movies quite a while now. I've heard a lot of girls read for parts. I've never seen one who looked like you or behaved like you. I don't know what sort of person you are. But if you can get your life into a line like that—the part is yours. Congratulations," he said.

And Diane Varsi, who had been nobody five minutes before, walked out of the studio with the key role in *Peyton Place* in her pocket, and headed back for the slum in which she lived.

It was true that no one had ever shown up for an audition looking as she looked. Her round face with its tip-tilted nose, uneven complexion, and serious blue eyes was neither pretty nor winsome—and she had made no attempt to improve it. There was no lipstick on her mouth, no (*Continued on page 83*)



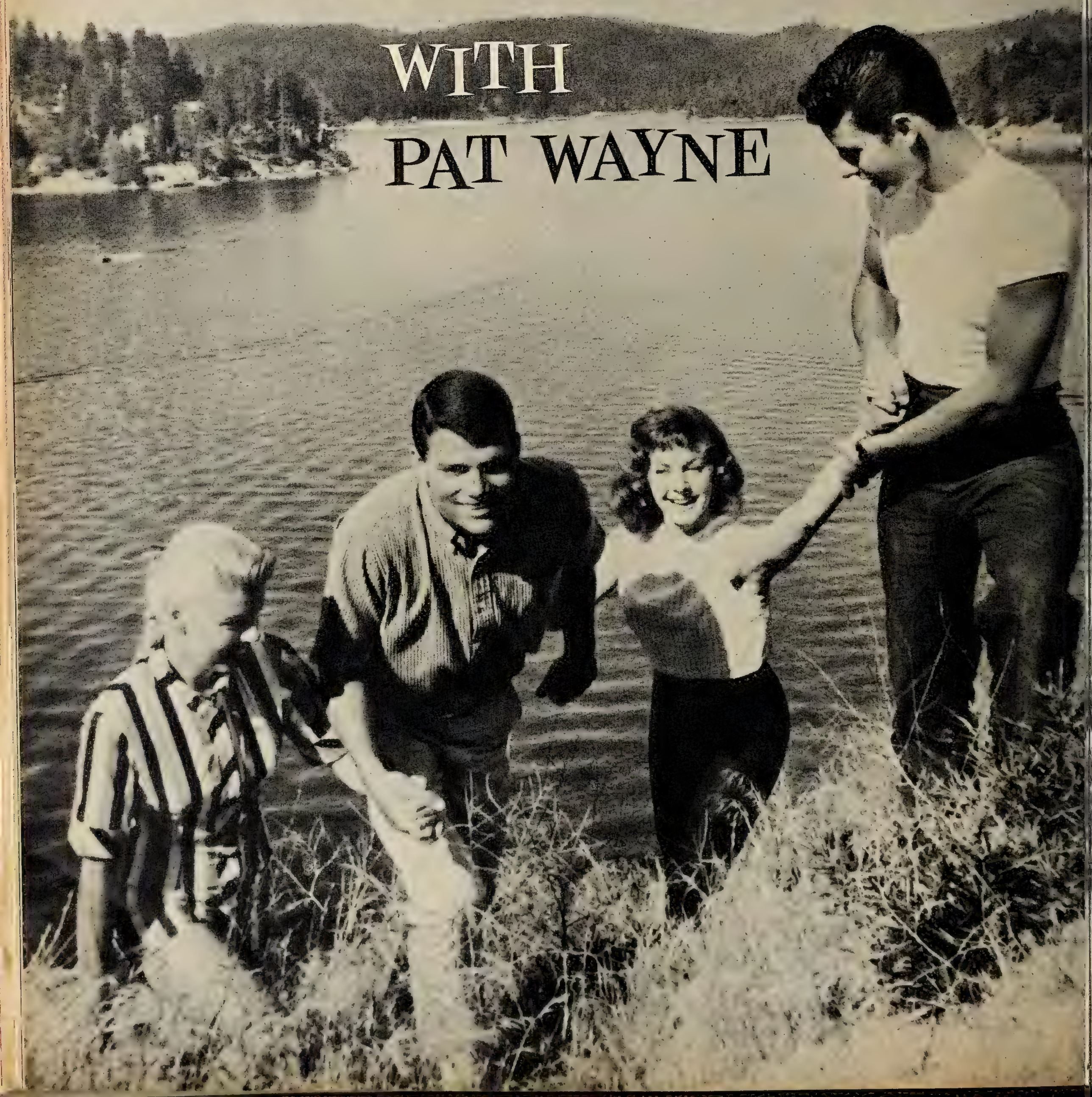
. . . now there is one joy in her life—her baby, Shawn. . . .



Mama and son live simply, and have fun. No fancy clothes . . . lunch is a picnic . . . and pictures he likes get tacked on the wall.



A WOODLAND DATE WITH PAT WAYNE





The MG belonged to Peter. Four people plus supplies and clothing make for a slightly tight squeeze, but squeezing's fun!



This rig is called a jungle-gym. The boys showed off their muscles on parallel bars, while their two girls acted impressed.

IN the winter, Pat Wayne's busy at Loyola University; in the summer, he makes movies. So it isn't often he gets a chance to just take off and smell the roses, soak up some sunshine and gaze at a swallow or two. But one rare day Pat and three of his pals—Gloria Henniger (she's the blonde), Virginia Aldridge and Peter Brown—took off at dawn, drove a hundred miles and invaded Lake Arrowhead. It's got woods, water, everything, and it's up in the San Bernardino Mountains. (Pete's a Warners' player currently in *Darby's Rangers*, Pat's new movie is *The Young Land.*) The kids had fun, the day flew, and the proof is in the pictures. . .

Gloria complained about being splashed; she was scolded by Pete and Pat. "We're just helping you get wet," they explained.



more ⟶



More help for Gloria. Pat's holding that horse in place so the lady can climb aboard.



Picnic time, with cookies and milk. They all tried to feed cookies to the ungrateful horse, who rejected their offer.

A WOODLAND DATE WITH PAT WAYNE *continued*



Changed from play clothes into street togs, they started off to dinner, stopping just long enough to make wishes at a wishing well. "I wished for another day just like this," Virginia said later.



Candlelight at a restaurant called the Chalet, and Pat and Gloria wind up a perfect day perfectly. Soon Pat would be back at school, studying, training for athletics, getting ready for more movie work—but tonight the air was soft, the girl pretty, memories in the making.

Pat's appearing in THE YOUNG LAND *for Buena Vista. Pete's in* DARBY'S RANGERS, MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR, VIOLENT ROAD, ONIONHEAD *and* WESTBOUND, *all for Warners'.*

END

tempt me pink

a reckless, explosive Pink that dares him to come closer

You have to be downright daring to risk this temptress pink; like a bolt of pink fire it threatens to ignite all who come too near! Teasing, tantalizing, tempting . . . your lips never before looked so promising. And always, this new lipstick lives up to *its* promise—to color your lips with a scandalous gleaming *satin finish* that clings for hours . . . smoothes every second. **only 49¢**

new Satin Finish lipstick by *Evening in Paris*

those attacks on rock hudson

(*Continued from page 29*) his hair or even ring a doorbell without the guidance of Henry Willson, he came alone.

"I didn't want anyone around, just wanted to talk things over with you," he said soon after his arrival.

I thought he looked very thin and somehow *different*. His hair was cut very short, eliminating the natural wave we've grown accustomed to. In just the few short months since I had last seen him he appeared to have matured by years. Certainly the past year and a half in his life has been sufficiently startling to confuse the most 'mechanical' of men—which Rock isn't, believe me.

It's been a time of great triumph, and of great unhappiness and frustration for him. He's won enough popularity awards to start a gallery, including the Look Magazine(!!) award as Hollywood's outstanding male star; the German *Bambi Plaque,* equivalent to our *Oscar;* several fan magazine polls and an *Academy Award* nomination last year for his fine performance in *Giant.*

He rose to such dizzy heights of financial success that MGM willingly would have paid $750,000 to star him in *Ben Hur.* That's pretty fair going as an actor—for a former truck driver.

On the other hand, his marriage to Phyllis Gates crashed in a far from friendly separation. His nerves were shot from a long and arduous location trip to Italy for *A Farewell To Arms,* followed by an equally exhausting trip to Honolulu for *Twilight For The Gods.*

Last, but not least, he now finds himself in the impossible position of being locked in an ironclad contract with Universal-International, a studio which has temporarily suspended operations of its own. And so far they won't let their biggest money-maker work for any other company.

The lowdown

Rock told me his first reaction to *that* article was complete bafflement.

"The writer and I spent eight hours together on a plane coming from New York to Hollywood," he said wearily. "She came to my home and talked to my friends and business associates. She kept telling me how much she liked me and what a complimentary story she was going to write. Then—*wham!*"

He shrugged philosophically, poured himself another cup of coffee and said, "I don't expect all articles about me to make me out a tin saint. That would be incredibly dull—and untrue. I have as many faults as the next fellow.

"All I ask is that I be allowed to stand, or fall, on what I accomplish up there on the screen. No one is responsible for that but *me.* I don't mean that to sound boastful or ungrateful to Henry and others who have helped me enormously. But when that camera starts turning, I'm on my own."

He continued quickly, "I want to say just this one thing—and then we'll forget that confounded and confounding story. It's this: of course I listen to Henry Willson. He's my agent and he's my friend. What's the sense of having an agent or a friend if I'm going to ignore his advice and suggestions. Henry discovered me and encouraged me as he has done for many other actors. He even gave me my name.

"But he does not order my life or my thinking. Nor did he mastermind my marriage or separation from Phyllis."

And if you don't believe him about that —then you weren't sitting face to face with Rock Hudson that afternoon, my friends!

The mention of Phyllis gave me the cue to say, "I'm truly sorry about you and Phyllis," and I meant it.

"So am I," he said quietly. "Sorrier about it than anything that has ever happened to me. I guess I'm old fashioned but I can't talk about it. Not even to you."

I remembered that soon after their marriage two years ago, Rock had proudly brought the attractive former assistant to Henry Willson to call on me—and if they weren't sincerely happy honeymooners, then Rock is a better actor than I think and she's as good as he.

"What can be said . . .?"

"What can ever be said about the break-up of any marriage?" he continued. He seemed to be speaking almost to himself. "Only the two people involved know what happened, and often *they* are confused. Friends side with one or the other, but there is no case where one party is 100% *right* and the other 100% wrong. You know that. You've seen enough marriages go on the rocks in Hollywood to know that neither party is all hero or all villian."

He shrugged slightly and spread his hands. "I made mistakes and I'm willing to take my share of the blame. But it wasn't *all* my fault any more than it was *all* Phyllis'. One thing I do know is that these mistakes cannot now be rectified. That's all I can say about it."

I asked, "Has this unhappy ending soured you on marriage, Rock? Do you feel you never want to marry again?"

"Not at all," he said, "I want to marry again. I have a very good example of *If at first you don't succeed, try, try again* right in my own family. My mother is now very happily married to Joseph Olson, after *two* unsuccessful previous experiences."

This time *I* poured him another cup of coffee before he went on. "My mother and her third husband have a wonderful time together—go fishing, travel around, and enjoy the same things.

"She and my father, Roy Scherer, for whom I was named, parted when I was a small boy. I still see my Dad, fact is I had dinner with him last night.

A change in fathers

"I was about nine when my mother married Wallace Fitzgerald, who was everything a tyrant-stepfather has ever been pictured as being. I had to take his last name against my wishes and toe the mark to his every whim. Mother was working as a switchboard operator and I used to hang around and run errands for her just to keep out of Fitzgerald's way. He was around a lot. He wasn't working.

"But my point is—if mother and Joe can be so happy and have such good times together, why should I rule out another try at having a good marriage?" He smiled broadly again. "But not right *now.* I'm not even divorced!"

His unhappy childhood may have a lot to do with the charge that Rock is overly placid by temperament and won't fight back. I've seen it happen time after time —children brought up in bickering, unhappy homes becoming frightened apostles of 'peace at any price'—anything, anything to keep from stirring up another hurtful, bitter brawl within the family.

Since Rock became famous, some of his former employers—including the grocer he used to deliver for in Winnetka, Ill., the manager of the store where he sold electric appliances, a few of the men he knew in the Navy, and the head of the food company for whom he drove a truck —are all agreed: *Roy Fitzgerald was an easy-going fellow. He never went looking for a fight.* So, what's wrong with that? Does it make Rock a spiritless dummy?

He said, "When I feel things are going wrong I try to do something to correct them, not explode all over the place. I suppose I could have thrown a temperamental tantrum because U-I wouldn't let me do *Ben Hur.* But what would it have got me? Nothing but a suspension. So I'm disappointed about *Ben Hur*—but I'm not blowing out my brains, or anybody else's."

"But Rock, what *are* you doing about this frustrating spot you are in, with your studio temporarily at a stand-still and yet they are not giving you the right to do outside pictures?" I asked.

Something good

A slight grin spread over his face, "I'm still looking for something good, another great story like *Giant,* for instance. And another director like George Stevens to direct me. That was my best picture.

"I honestly believe U-I wouldn't turn me down if another great chance came along, I mean a big picture that wouldn't keep me tied up a whole year as *Ben Hur* would have done. After all, they loaned me out for *Giant* didn't they?"

They sure did, and my fellow Illinoisan got an *Oscar* nomination out of it!

Like most *Californians* who actually originate in other states, Rock and I have always felt closer because we shared the bond of hailing from the same state—Illinois. He was born in the southern part of the state in the small town of Olney, but was raised in Winnetka, a suburb of Chicago. Having first seen the light of day myself in Freeport and been raised in Dixon, we found out some time ago that we speak much the same mid-West language.

I *admit* I had departed from Illinois quite a while before Rock was born, but when we get together we have a tendency to reminisce, a marked trait of mid-Westerners. We had already agreed that this stormy day was a lot like Chicago weather.

Rock mused, "Do you remember one of the first times we met out here? You were taping your radio show at the Hollywood Photographers Ball, and Vera-Ellen and I were among the guests you interviewed."

I did, indeed, remember. I also remembered that Rock and Vera-Ellen were very much in love at the time.

"I was never so scared in my life," he laughed. "It was my first big social event in Hollywood and I was scared to death of *you,* of speaking into the microphone and of being in high society!"

"You must have many, many invitations to parties these days," I laughed with him. "You are successful and eligible, the hostesses' delight in this town."

Not quite a hermit

"Yes, I get invited," he admitted frankly—there doesn't seem to be an ounce of guile in his make-up, "but I don't accept too many invitations for two good reasons. When I'm working, I'm worried about my work; and when I'm not, I'm worried about not working!"

He reached for the coffee again. "This not going out much socially is getting me the reputation of being a hermit, also not true. I spend very little time by myself. I enjoy my friends, and I like going to their homes for small dinner parties. As soon as I get my new apartment fixed up, I want to do some entertaining myself. But I just don't happen to like getting in this racket of taking a glamor girl to a première or to a big party just because she can use an escort or something like that." Never say this boy isn't honest.

"Isn't it true you dated Lauren Bacall in New York while she was having a tiff with Frank Sinatra?" I kidded him.

He grinned, "I wish it *were* true. I like her. We had a lot (*Continued on page 62*)



a

Lovable bra is a joy

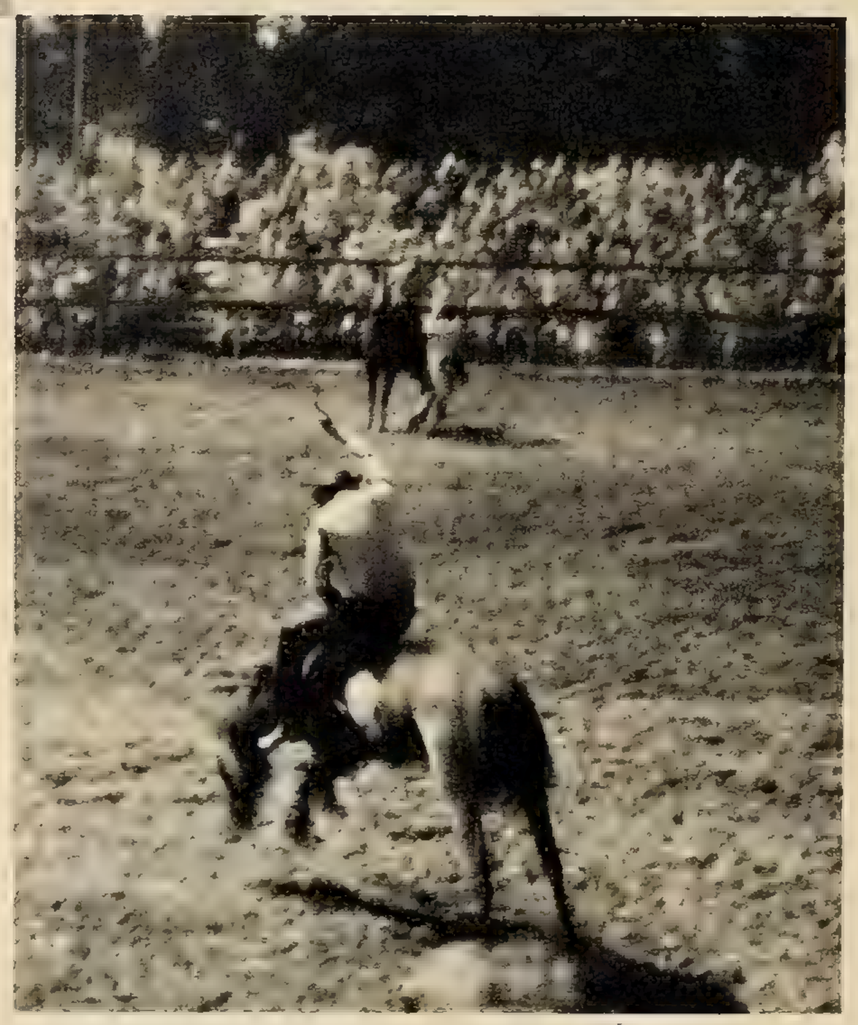
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JODY McCREA

learns his Bible lesson



Brother David helped Jody rig his gear.

■ "How'd it all happen?" Jody McCrea repeats your question, grinning, scrounging his six-foot-two, khaki-uniformed body into the chair that looks much too small for him—like all chairs always do.

"Well, I'd been practicing bustin' broncs for a couple of years already, without telling Mom or Pop about it"—'Pop' is actor Joel McCrea, and Jody's mother raked up quite a few screen credits herself before she gave up being Frances Dee to become Mrs. Joel McCrea.

"That business of riding untamed horses sounds pretty far from learning Bible lessons, doesn't it?" Jody continues, mostly like he's just thinking out loud. "but one Sunday in a local rodeo —that's where I really felt the Lord's teaching become a part of my life, and I haven't forgotten it to this day!

"This fellow had a spread about twenty miles from our place, and every Sunday he used to put on a little rodeo. I'd got kind of in the habit of going over there, and after a while I realized that most times I'd come away with at least a couple of the prizes . . . and I was feeling pretty proud of myself.

"Well, this particular Sunday the local TV station was going to broadcast the rodeo, and I figured it was time for Mom and Pop to see how good I was.

"So just before David and I left the house—David's my brother; he mostly came to the rodeos with me and helped hold the broncs, and things like that—anyway, just before we left the house I yelled out to Mom and Pop to keep their eyes glued to the TV set. Man, was I going to show Pop who was the rider in the family now!

"Well, I wasn't feeling so happy when we drew our broncs: I got Rattlesnake. Nobody'd *ever* stayed on Rattlesnake the full forty-five seconds till the whistle blew! I didn't mind him throwing me—just minded my parents seeing it happen!

"Well, to make a long story short—that crazy Rattlesnake near killed me in the chute—before we ever got out into the arena—bucking and almost falling on top of me. David grabbed me by the scruff of my neck and hauled me clear. I got on him again, and I was scared!

"But when we got out into the ring—I don't know—I just stayed on him!

"And then I heard the whistle blow, which meant that I'd stayed on him the forty-five seconds and won.

"And I heard David *yahoo*-ing like crazy—and I yelled over to him, still riding that bucking bronc, 'Guess old Rattlesnake just wasn't trying very hard'—you know, trying to sound kind of modest because I was just about busting from pride at riding him.

"Of course, that's when it happened.

"I just shot straight up, twenty feet easy, and landed flat on my levis in the dust.

"Pop told me later I looked real pretty, all laid out—all I needed was a rose in my teeth.

"Yeah," Jody grins, squirming maybe just a little in his private's uniform. "I sure learned my Bible lesson for *that* day—*Pride goeth before a fall. . . .*"

See Jody in Warners' LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE.

(*Continued from page 60*) of fun making *Written On The Wind!* But I have a suspicion her interests are—" Rock laughed "*—elsewhere.*"

However, he had a very good time in New York. He told me he had seen some wonderful shows.

"I'd like very much to do a show on Broadway myself," he confessed. "I have picture experience behind me now and with some expert coaching I think I could do a play. At least, I'd like to try." You can bet it would be a hit. The Hudson fans would beat the doors down to see Rock in even a critics' flop.

Speaking of Broadway shows reminded me of something I've always wanted to ask Rock. "Did George Axelrod have you in mind when he wrote *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*"

He answered, "Let me tell you about how George named that show. He was flipping through a fan magazine when he came across a story about me titled *Will Success Spoil Rock Hudson?* His play was about the movies and he absolutely flipped over that title. Said he had to have it. Later, his lawyer told him he was open to a law suit. So he changed *Hudson* to *Hunter.*"

"And you helped him to make a fortune," I said.

"Even better—the play gave a little girl named Jayne Mansfield her first real break, and now she's a famous movie star," he smiled.

Then he added a strange remark:

"I hope she got what she wanted," said the No. 1 Man in Hollywood. . . . **END**

You can see Rock in TARNISHED ANGELS *and soon he'll be appearing in* TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS, *both for U-I.*

---

johnny saxon

(*Continued from page 27*) about two weeks after he had arrived. Supposedly, Vicki had come to see the fascinating cities of the Old World, and also to visit old friends of her family.

Or was there another, more romantic reason? Many of their friends in Hollywood asked openly, "Did Vicki go to Paris for a secret honeymoon with John?"

Ever since John achieved his first great success in Hollywood—he has been pursued by most of the attractive young actresses in Hollywood. But except for an occasional publicity date, he has ignored all of them to devote himself exclusively to being with the girl who worked at a Beverly Hills ice cream parlor—Wil Wright's—at night, and who went daytimes to a nearby university, UCLA.

Because her time was so much taken by her university studies and John's time was in such great demand for interviews and acting roles, they couldn't see each other nearly as often as they would have liked to. Still, whenever there was a cocktail party, a dinner at a friend's home to which he was invited, or just a quiet evening when they could go for a late stroll after her work at the ice cream parlor was over, Vicki and John were together.

Sometimes John and the young actors, writers and grip men he knows would all gather together at Vicki's home, and Vicki would put on percolator after percolator of coffee, so that they could all sit around and talk and dream and drink gallons of coffee.

Sometimes one of the crowd would get up and play bongo drums, or put on a favorite record, or Vicki would roll up the rug and they'd all dance the latest steps or the most sentimental steps to the music

of a waltz. Like John, Vicki loves progressive jazz, but not exclusively. Rhythm was part of her life and still is—and somewhere along the road they fell madly in love with each other and reacted to the oldest and newest rhythm in the world—the rhythm of love as it courses through the blood of two handsome young people.

An unusual girl

They planned to wait until he was well-established in his career. By that time, they believed, Vicki would be through with her college courses, and the two of them could have a wonderful life together.

Everyone who ever saw them together was aware of the strange, beautiful, electric bond between them.

Once John brought her to visit his friends, Jess Kimmel, head of U-I's talent school, and his lovely wife, Toni.

John and Vicki sat together beside the open fireplace in the Kimmel home, very close to each other. "Vicki," says Toni, "hardly spoke a word. Vicki as usual, listened rather than talked—and yet there seemed to be a special bond of tenderness between them, *the kind that one usually finds between two people who have been married for a long time.*"

What was it that drew them together in the first place?

At the time John met Vicki at a party, he was still one of Hollywood's youngest, most brooding rebels. He had fought hard to get somewhere in his career, and the fight had left him bitter and confused. He was an introvert, wrapped up in his own emotions. He had gone to a psychiatrist to break down some of the walls he had built up to shield himself from a world he considered hostile.

A different kind of rebel

Into his rebellious young life walked this unusual young woman—Vicki. Although he recognized a fellow rebel in her, hers was a quiet, different kind of rebellion. Instead of being bitter, she was her happy, outgoing self. To the quiet, morose young man, she represented peace and understanding.

In her he found a combination of all the girls he had ever known and loved. She had the warmth and loyalty of his mother, the good companionship of his sisters.

Vicki accepted life, she accepted people, she accepted and trusted John. In the warmth of her tenderness his fears melted, and he began to accept himself as well as to love Vicki.

To his amazement and delight, Vicki's father, a fine artist named Victor Thall (he added the extra 'l' to his name to maintain his own individuality) also accepted him, and even started to give him painting lessons. Vicki's father and mother saw that John and Vicki were falling in love.

They also saw the protectiveness of John; they saw him coming out of his shell, and their daughter growing more quietly radiant every day. And so Vicki's mother and father were happy for them.

With their mutual interest in art, Vicki and John would sometimes spend hours together, each working at painting. When they were too busy to see each other during the week, weekends became very precious to them. Driving his MG, John would take his girl on trips to the beach. There they would sit in the sand, and John would talk of life and love and art.

"Binky," he'd say, using his pet nickname for her, "if dreams could come true, do you know what I would dream right this moment?"

"No," she'd laugh.

"Well, I'd dream that you and I were married, and that we were sitting like this side by side."

But dared he marry her?

Reasons why not

When a young actor is going up because of his teenage fans, how will the fans react if he dares to marry? Many frightened young actors count the cost—and postpone the decision.

Certainly, if John turned to his agent Henry Willson, or to his studio, they would counsel him to remain single while his career was still in the stage where it was being built up. But John had always been a rebel. If this was the advice he received, we do not believe that it was the advice he followed.

What happened to the best of our knowledge is that these two young people agreed to a compromise. To please John's studio, they would not marry openly—but secretly.

Whether they kept that promise only they know, but many people close to them believe that they did marry.

A boy who works at Wil Wright's and knows both Vicki and John said, "I think they're secretly married. I wouldn't be surprised if she married him about a month ago. She's a sweet kid and she wouldn't go to Europe and see so much of him unless she was his wife, you can bet.

"Don't ask me how I know, but I'm as sure as anyone can be that they're married. About a month ago she took a night off from work. She told one of the girls here that something wonderful had happened in her life. I'm sure that she and John were married that night."

There was an old truck, rusty, rotting from the southern-exposure weather, with flat tires almost hidden in the weeds growing up around it. The truck was standing just off the road near the summer stock theatre at Barter. A sign on the side of the truck had faded, but lettered in scenery paint under the words Barter Theatre was: *Gregory Peck Drove This Truck.* Scribbled in much fresher paint was this: *So did Ernie!* And he had, of course. I suspect Ernie wrote this himself. Ernie who? Ernie Borgnine, of course.

One of our reporters reached Mona Thall, Vicki's mother. Currently we couldn't reach Victor, her father, for he was in an undisclosed town in Mexico.

We asked Mrs. Thall if Vicki and John were secretly married. Said Mona, "I can't answer that, really. I'm not at liberty to talk. You know what I mean. I'm just not allowed to tell you whether they're married or not. I'd love to co-operate but my hands are tied. My husband and I are crazy about John and we're glad that Vicki and he are serious about each other. But I'm not saying a word about whether they're married. I just can't. She's having a wonderful time in Paris, and she's going to visit several old friends of ours there."

Not once did Mrs. Thall come out and say, "Vicki and John are not married." Her answer was evasive, as though she'd been warned not to talk. It makes the possibility of their marriage stronger.

Other opinions

Another boy who works at Wil Wright's also thinks Vicki is secretly married to John.

"If they're married, why doesn't Vicki admit it to the world?" asked our reporter.

"Because," said this boy, "she'd never want to do anything that might conceivably hurt John's career. If John's studio feels that his teenage fans might be alienated by his marriage at this time, Vicki would agree to postpone marriage, or to marry John secretly—whatever the two of them decided was best.

"Of course, I couldn't take an oath to the effect that they're married, but most of us here think she married the guy. So do most of her classmates at UCLA."

Nevertheless, his studio still maintains that Vicki and John are not married. One of our reporters talked to a close studio contact of John's.

She said, "They're not married. The fact that they're in Europe at the same time is just a coincidence. Vicki's father and mother have many friends in Europe, and she's been wanting to go there for a long time. In fact, her parents lived in Paris for two years, and her sister Mona was born in the south of France. For a long time Vicki's had a yen to see the places her parents have talked about all these years.

"For years, Vicki has saved her pennies and dollars so that she could make this trip. As far as we know, it's not a honeymoon trip. John had to go to Paris to make *The Reluctant Debutante* there, and Vicki's staying in Paris for a while. Then she'll take in some other cities. She didn't go over with John. He went on ahead, and she met him there two weeks later."

It is perfectly true that John and Vicki did not go to Paris together. But wasn't this all part of an elaborate plan to convince us that he is not married? Some friends think that the coincidence of their being in Paris at the same time is a little too well-timed to be mere coincidence.

Why do many of the people who have observed them think they're married?

These two are not just a passionate boy and girl. They are two people who know what love is in the deepest sense, who live to protect and help each other.

Reasons why

Why shouldn't a boy and girl get married when they love each other as ardently as these two do, and when their love is deep enough and real enough to crave the reality of marriage—not the sham of a relationship that sometimes passes in Hollywood and elsewhere for love.

Only marriage can offer the kind of protection that every man offers his girl when he loves her to the deepest depths of his being.

And so we say: if you're married, why keep it secret?

We believe that your fans love and understand you well enough, John, so that they won't hold it against you that you've found the kind of love each of them is seeking. Perhaps there was a day when teenagers were so shallow and silly that they only 'went' for a star as long as he was single; when each of them visualized herself as some day becoming the wife of the actor on whom she had a crush.

Today's teenagers are much more sensible, we believe. Admit, John, that Vicki is the girl you love, and that you chose to risk your career because you loved her so much that nothing short of marriage was good enough. We'll bet you anything you can name that your fans will respect and love you for your choice, and that each of them will hope that some day she'll meet a man just like the man who married Vicki Thal. **END**

John is in SUMMER LOVE *for U-I and will soon appear in MGM's* THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE, *U-I's* THIS HAPPY FEELING *and U-I's* THE WONDERFUL YEAR.

it's
easy to
draw
a man
with

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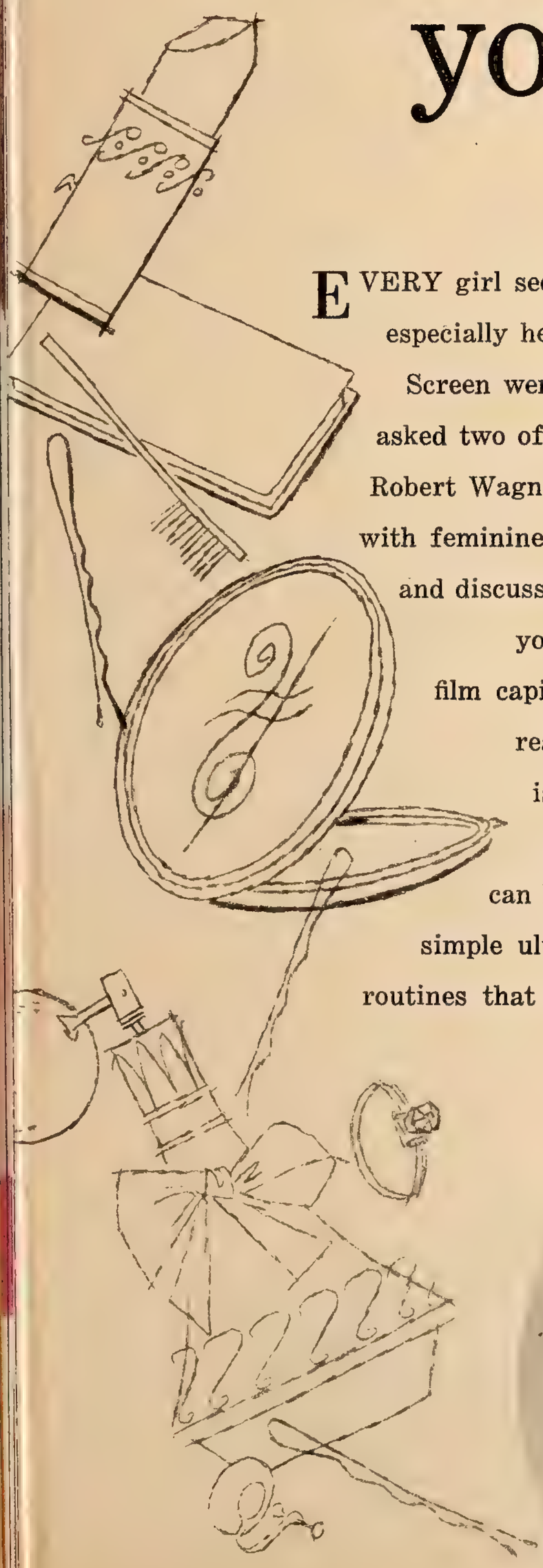
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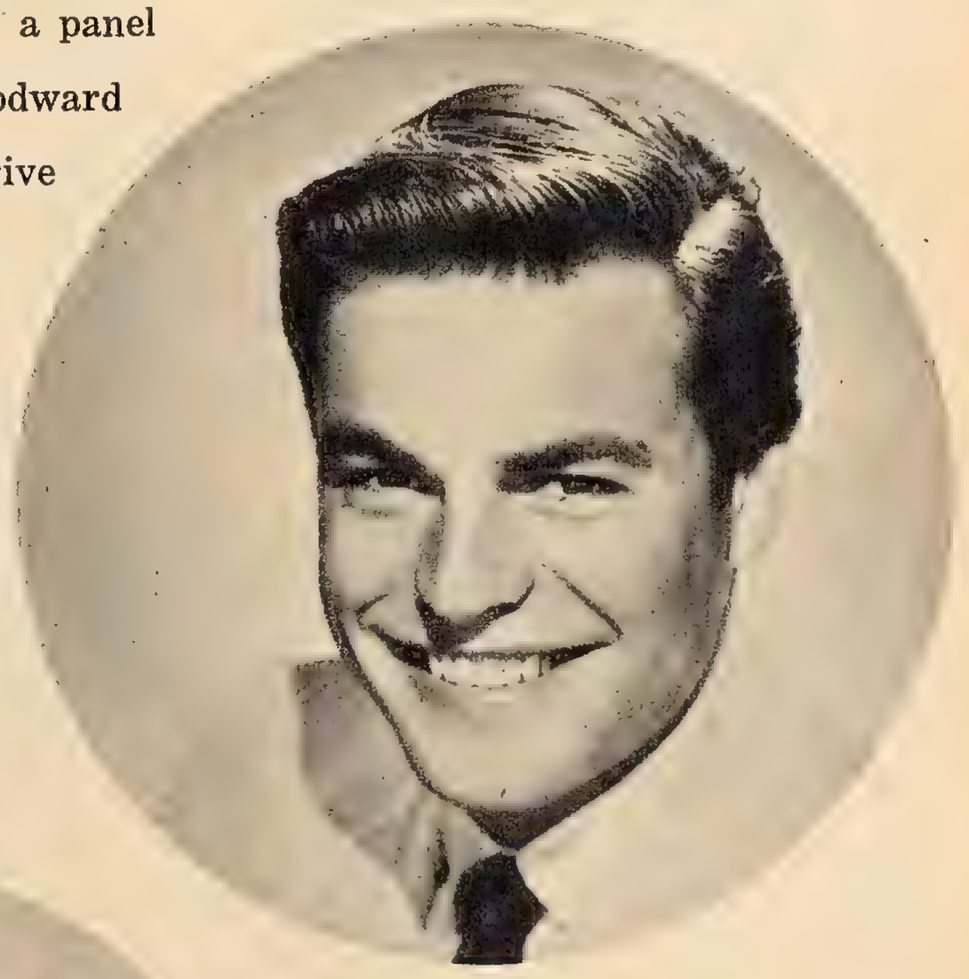
How to get and hold your man



The eyes have it—the lips, too—but don't forget make-up, even with a summer tan.



EVERY girl secretly yearns to know what men—especially her man—really think about her. Modern Screen went to work on this quandary and asked two of Hollywood's most popular male stars, Robert Wagner and Richard Egan, to sit on a panel with feminine and sophisticated Joanne Woodward and discuss these intimate questions and give you the answers direct from the film capital. In a nutshell, what really pleases a man about you is *you.* This *you* must at all times be glamorous and you can be, by adopting some simple ultra-feminine rules and routines that will (*Continued on page 66*)



Secretly every man is very sentimental about the rings he chooses for you



Perfume is a real beau-catcher and every girl should know this secret.

Photos by 20th

$100 for you!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Mail your ballot to: **MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, N.Y. 16, N.Y.**

Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE JOHN SAXON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE JUDI MEREDITH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE CLINT WALKER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE JOHNNY MATHIS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JAMES DARREN
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE SOPHIA LOREN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE NICK ADAMS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE DIANE VARSI:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I LIKE PAT WAYNE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

17. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... **NAME**.....

ADDRESS..... STREET

CITY..... **ZONE**..... **STATE**.....

Here are the poll prize winners for March: Cecil Batsford, Verdun, Quebec, Canada; Gail Gregory, Downers Grove, Ill.; Dorothy Decator, Pottstown, Pa.; Anna Hreha, Seattle, Washington; Mrs. J. P. Rudy, Reading, Pa.; Suzette Roche, Syracuse, New York; Miss Ruth Morse, North Lima, Ohio; Mrs. M. Cristina Perez, Whittier, Calif.; Leslie Ellen Staloff, White Meadow Lake, Rockaway, N. J.; Margie Rende, New Rochelle, N. Y.

How to get and hold your man *(continued)*

(*Continued from page* 65) surely make you irresistible and attractive to men.

Our MODERN SCREEN panel feels that the most important rule to be followed if you want to get and—or—hold a man is to be feminine. Being feminine is not difficult if you realize that this captivating attribute is achieved by being charming and thoughtful in all ways, not only in your mannerisms. Be sure that your hair-do is soft and luscious and most surely becoming. Choose make-up that is flattering and not bold and bizarre.

Above all select fragrances for your perfumes that are enticing and subtle—and yet commanding. Remember that fragrances stir the emotions and so be certain that those you wear are intriguing and captivating and not overpowering and bold. Buy good name-brand perfumes that are tried and true formulas that will help you to get and—or—hold your man. Another important tip about perfumes—change fragrances often. Match or make your mood with several different fragrances. All men respond to perfumes. You will find them one of the major boons to your program of increased femininity.

When you are buying at the perfume counter stay right there and shop for the newest in make-up. Give special thought to the newest colors—there is nothing so lacking in femininity and so unappealing to a man as untidy make-up. Even though it's Summertime don't think you can win your man and—or—hold him by depending on your tan and slapping on a little lipstick. Give special attention to your eye make-up—your lipline—your powder.

Be sure and choose clothes that are just as pretty and feminine as you are—men love pretty clothes. Going steady, engaged, married or hoping to be—be sure and add to your charms if you want to get—and hold—your man!

The MODERN SCREEN panel really knows its business. Joanne Woodward is lovely because she is so feminine—sophisticated because she is smart enough to be feminine. As Mrs. Paul Newman she couldn't be happier. Richard Egan has been captured by very alluring Pat Hardy. Bob Wagner is already tied up, and happily so, to appealing Natalie Wood. See Joanne in *The Long Hot Summer;* see Dick and Bob in *The Hunters.* Both are great 20th productions that you won't want to miss.

Let your man know you are sentimental—ask him to give you a set of Keepsake rings. Here we show the very magnificent new white gold and diamond set, the "Baldwin".



to elvis presley

(*Continued from page 36*) in the service getting the biggest charge over—a gift-box from the family. Or, as in this case, from your friends—filled with lots of little things that help a guy forget for a little while that he's away from home and away from the people he loves . . . that help a guy *remember* things and places and people when he wants to remember them most.

Now I figure you should get this letter on a Monday.

It's on the way

Cookie, my secretary, and a dozen adoring fans of yours from our bookkeeping and circulation departments, are still putting the finishing touches on the box—so it probably won't get to you till Wednesday or Thursday.

But whichever day, when the mail sergeant calls you boys together and growls *"Presley—Elvis, Aaron!"* and holds up a big package tied with a giant silver ribbon—the girls' idea, not mine—well, that'll be it, El, a boxful of our affection and best wishes, the affection and best wishes of our millions of readers, too, who've been following your career ever since that first article we printed about a good-looking boy with a guitar and a wiggle who people in-the-know predicted would become the most sensational show business personality ever.

If you want to be surprised by what's in the box, stop reading this letter right here and now!

But if you're curious about things—as I happen to know you are—and would like to know not only what you're getting *but how* I tricked you into giving us hints about what to send you, then just loosen your khaki tie, Buddy, settle back on your bunk and read on.

First of all, there's a strip of snapshots we've put together for you to keep in your wallet.

There are seven snapshots in all, and behind each of them is a story and a memory—all your own.

Why this one?

The one of you and your folks, for instance. There have been hundreds and hundreds of pictures taken of the three of you together, and people might wonder why we picked the one we did to send you.

But we know—from what you told me at lunch that day—that this particular picture was taken at a homecoming rally given for you in Tupelo, Mississippi, the town where you were born; that not far from the spot where it was taken is another spot, one that brings back the very first clear memory in your life and your first realization of the great love you had for your mother and father.

"It reminds me," you explained it, "of that day when I was four years old. My daddy had whipped me for something I'd done. I cried an awful lot, and after I cried I made up my mind I was going to leave home. I packed a couple of sandwiches into my pocket, I remember, and I took off. I didn't get far, though. In fact, I had just stepped out onto the road when a truck came zooming down at me. Young as I was, I thought sure as anything it was going to strike me down. But by some miracle it stopped, just a couple of inches from me. I remember, too, right after that, running back into the house and my daddy whipping me again because I'd tried to run away. But instead of crying this time I hugged him while he was trying to whip me and then I ran to hug my ma, who'd come in from

Your hair has hidden highlights only egg can reach



Sense something healthy happen as your fingertips feel this protein-fresh lather – that's the first luxury of egg.



Only SHAMPOO PLUS EGG can give lather like this – lather that rinses instantly, completely, leaves hair radiant.



Feel first day control – no more "fly-away" hair! A touch of egg restores natural oils other shampoos strip away.



Know an inner glow of beauty – a radiance less luxurious shampoos can't match! It takes the magic touch of egg.



Hidden highlights come to life—a thousand thousand natural highlights yours only with the protein-fresh lather of Helene Curtis SHAMPOO PLUS EGG.

the kitchen to see what was going on, and I kept telling them over and over again how I'd try to be good and stay with them always and never get mad at them or leave them again. . . ."

Then, El, there's a picture of you singing at one of your first public appearances. Recognize the two fellows with you, by the way? They're members of the Jordanaires, the outfit that was with you when you started—and still is.

Anyway, this particular picture was taken at the City Auditorium in New Orleans. And we thought you'd get a chuckle from it because it was taken on the night you'll never forget.

Your first show

"That night," you told me, shuddering at the recollection, "there were more people on stage, in the band and chorus, than in the audience. I think they counted seventy-five paying customers in all. And I *know* there couldn't have been many more because came time for me and the fellows to collect our money so we could at least buy our train tickets back to Memphis, and there just wasn't any!"

Speaking of Memphis, El, we figured we'd send along a snapshot of the most famous structure in that city—the mansion marked down as *Graceland* in the official register but as *Elvisville* in the hearts of your local fans there. It's the beautiful home you plunked down $100,000 for just about a year after you got started in the big-time—for yourself and your ma and dad.

And speaking of Memphis, too, we've included a picture of Anita Wood, your favorite gal in that city. Actually, we have a hunch Anita may be your favorite gal in *any* city. At least, that was a pretty big grin you handed me when I mentioned her name to you. And that was a pretty sly grin a trusted buddy of yours gave out with when I mentioned Anita to him after our lunch.

"Won't surprise me a bit," he said, "if this is the girl Elvis ends up marrying. And if you were a betting man, I'd wager you that wedding might take place before he gets out of the service."

Get rid of one!

Of course, if you do get hitched there's one of the other three pictures we're sending along that you'd better get rid of.

No, not the one of you with two of your best friends—your cousin Gene, and Nick Adams, the young man you helped once by signing to accompany you on some of your tours because you knew at the time that this now up-and-coming actor seemed to be more down-and-going than anything else and needed some dough and encouragement.

And no, not the one of you and Colonel Parker, the manager who helped discover you and helped make you what you are today.

But *yes*, the picture of you and those two lovely Hollywood dolls—Dolores Hart and Valerie Allen—taken on the *King Creole* set at Paramount Studios during a farewell party the cast and crew gave you the last day of the picture.

I know and *you* know that, despite the fact Dolores had her cuddly arms around you, despite the fact Valerie had just held a tender match to your cigar, there was nothing between you and either of them.

But your wife-to-be—if there is one—*she* won't know. Believe me!

Now, El, that about takes care of the pictures. And if, after you've looked at them, you notice something strange and vapory—like smoke—beginning to curl up at you from the box, don't go yelling for the Fire Brigade.

'Cause that won't be any fire at all, but dry ice—just part of another gift we're sending you.

Let me explain from the beginning:

Remember how I asked you what favorite food you'd miss most when you went into the Army?

Your answer was, "Any one of lots of things, I guess. But if I had to pick one it would be banana cream pie. Man, it's fattening, I know—but give me one anytime and I'll eat the whole thing in fifteen minutes flat."

Kay bakes a pie

Well, sir, when word of this got to Kay Wheeler—president of your very first fan club—she asked if she couldn't bake one for you to be sent along in our package.

Kay, furthermore, had an idea; a good one, too—dry ice to keep the pie as fresh as if it were right out of the oven.

And then our girl went us one better.

As Kay herself will tell you in a letter she's written to accompany the pie:

Dear El,

We fans know it won't be much, Elvis. But we know you like it and that's all that matters. And so, for every month you are in the service, you are going to receive a great big fresh banana cream pie from us. And all we ask is that while you eat it, you remember how much we love you. For it was you who gave us emancipation —and recognition—'way back in '56, when we were nothing but a bunch of anonymous little monsters to most of the world. We fought for you—but you fought for us, too! When they called us juvenile delinquents, you said we were just healthy normal kids who would grow up and have normal families. And that we needed to get rid of too much energy—and what's wrong with screaming? They never condemned us for screaming at ball games, you told them. Oh, you TOLD *them, all right, you* TOLD *them!*

In a less-excited P.S., Kay adds:

P.S. And don't go eating whole pies in fifteen minutes anymore—or else you'll get indigestion something awful! —Kay

And now for the contents of the rest of the box, letters, a horoscope and a book.

The letters—and there must be two hundred of 'em—are from fans who didn't know how else to contact you so they sent them to us, marked *Please Forward.* We're doing just that, hoping you'll be able to glance through them and enjoy them the first Sunday you have some free time.

What the future holds

The horoscope was prepared especially for you by Rita Delmar of Horoscope Magazine, as well-known in her field as you are in yours. It's good reading and full of *significant* predictions.

For instance, it says in one place: OPPORTUNITIES FOR ROMANCE WILL BE MANY—AND YOU WILL EXPERIENCE SOME SUDDEN AND INTENSE ATTRACTIONS WHICH ARE NOT LIKELY TO BE LASTING. THEREFORE, MARRIAGE SHOULD BE APPROACHED CAUTIOUSLY, AND ANY IMPULSE TOWARD A HASTY PLUNGE SHOULD BE HELD IN CHECK.

And: IT WOULD APPEAR STRONGLY ADVISABLE THAT YOU KEEP IN AS CLOSE TOUCH AS POSSIBLE WITH THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD DURING THIS TIME. TAKE EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE RECORDS OR ENTERTAIN.

And: YOU ARE TREMENDOUSLY AMBITIOUS AND WILLING TO WORK HARD TO SUCCEED. SELF-DISCIPLINE IS NECESSARY, BOTH FOR CONTINUAL CAREER SUCCESS AND FOR MAKING WORTHWHILE FRIENDS. YOU SHOULD KEEP IN MIND THAT YOUR STRONGLY MAGNETIC PERSONALITY IS VERY LIKELY TO ATTRACT TO YOU A CROWD OF HANGERS-ON WHO CAN SAP YOUR TIME AND ATTENTION LIKE LEECHES. LEARN TO BE DISCRIMINATING IN THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS, CHOOSING ONLY THOSE WHO ARE WORTHWHILE—THOUGH NEVER FROM ANY SENSE OF SUPERIORITY OR EXCLUSIVENESS.

There are lots more predictions and suggestions—but why don't you read the rest, in private, when the package arrives.

Because now I'd like to tell you a little about the Book we're sending you.

The book you love

It's a copy of The Holy Bible.

You know, El, people have said all kinds of things about you ever since you made the big-time—lots of it pretty bad, too.

But nobody has ever dared say that you didn't believe in God or love Him.

And there's a reason for that. It's a hard reason to define. But let me put it this way.

When I talked to you the other day you could have gotten pretty brash and sassy when we began discussing your future in the Army. You could have been thinking the way lots of guys do about how you were going to get out of certain details, how you were going to maneuver for extra leaves, how you were going to make an *in* for yourself with the right people.

But—and I *know* a sincere guy when I hear him!—instead you talked very simply about why you were glad you're going into the Army, *actually glad!*

"For one thing," you said, "this country has been very good to me and it's a way for me to pay back what I owe, just for having been born here, for living here, for being able to follow whatever career I wanted to follow.

"Naturally," you added, "there are going to be some fellows who are going to resent me, and I guess if I wanted any special treatment they'd have a right to resent me. But believe me, I don't want it.

And after the army?

"By the way," you went on to say, "a story was printed in a magazine recently—MODERN SCREEN, in fact—saying that some people said that when I got out of the Army I was going to go into active church work, singing Gospel songs and maybe even preaching. Well, truth to tell, I haven't got any plans along that line, even though I've always tried to be active as possible in church work. But then again, who knows about anything in the future, really?

"They say a wise man changes his mind, a fool never does.

"Not that I'm saying I'm a wise man—but who knows what's in the mind of the Lord who created us and directs our every move?"

Those *were* wise words, El.

And they were the words of a young man who believes, in all true wisdom and humility, in the faith he's always lived by.

And so, with that in mind, we are sending you The Bible you love so much and know so well—to keep by your side through the many good times and some of the bad times you will undoubtedly know during the next two years. . . .

Well, I guess that's it for now, El.

Soooooo—

Be good.

Keep in step.

Enjoy your pies.

Don't talk back to the Sarge, *ever.*

And remember—there's not one of us who won't miss you, not one of us who will forget, not one of us who won't be waiting for you to come rockin' and rollin' home!

All the best from
Your friend,
David Myers

Elvis' last picture was KING CREOLE *for Paramount.*

the bride nobody kissed

(Continued from page 49) *her laughter and her happy bounce, and they'd talked and giggled the way sisters will on such a morning about the big day ahead. And then the door had opened again and in had walked Mama, holding the beautiful white gown and veil Sophia would wear in a little while and warning her daughters in her best mother-of-the-bride fashion that it was time to get up and stop all the confusion, to get dressed and make ready to go to the church. . . .*

And then, suddenly, Sophia saw herself carrying a bouquet of white roses and riding through the streets of her native city in the horse-drawn carrozza she had sworn she would ride in ever since she was a kid, from that day during the war when, skinny and half-starved, she had stood on a curb with the other kids in the neighborhood watching that rich, overplump signorina from the ritzy Via Partenope up on the hill riding to her wedding in the lovely-looking carriage. . . .

And then, suddenly again, though so softly, she heard the giant organ of the Basilica del Carmine, the oldest and most beautiful church in all of Naples, playing the first strains of the Gounod Ava Maria. *And she knew now that she was in the church, following her sister in her pale-blue dress down the long aisle; that at the end of the long aisle* he *stood there waiting for her, to take her hand and to lead her to the altar and to all that would be truly good and beautiful in her life.*

The man waiting for her

Her eyes were fixed down, barely noticing the flowers in her hands or the tips of the white satin shoes she was wearing, as she made her way toward him. But she knew, she was certain, that it was Carlo who would be standing there, waiting for her—Carlo Ponti, the man who had discovered her seven years ago, when she was fifteen years old; the man who had pushed her up from the depths of a poverty-stricken, lonely hell to a place near the top of everything, where counts and dukes and big-time industrialists elbowed one another for the privilege of kissing her hand; the man who, people whispered, was too old for her, too fat for her, too short, too everything-wrong, too nothing-right to ever be her husband.

But Sophia didn't care what anyone thought as she walked down the aisle that morning. She only cared that he *would be there when the walk was finished, when she looked up finally, first at the centuries-old crucifix straight aread, then to her right, at the man she would soon marry.*

No, Sophia didn't care what the people whispered.

For this *was all that was important to her.*

This was the most beautiful part of her beautiful dream. . . .

When Sophia did open her eyes, she opened them slowly.

For a moment, she peered at the door across the room, wondering if maybe by some miracle Maria might not come rushing in through it, then Mama with the gown and veil.

But then she snapped on a light alongside the bed. And that was all it took to make her laugh a sad laugh, as she realized that she was awake and that her dream was over.

Yes, this was September 17, all right—the day of her wedding.

But Sophia was in Hollywood, not Naples; in the bedroom of Bungalow Four at the Bel-Air Hotel. And Maria was in Italy, with their mother.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK

Sophia reached for the cablegram which had arrived from her beloved the night before, just before she'd gone to sleep.

What it boiled down to was this:

Carlo was having a tough time persuading Italian officials to recognize his divorce from Giuliana, the woman he'd been married to for ten years, and separated from for the past five, and had divorced in Mexico nine days earlier. In fact, the Italian officials had said they did not recognize divorce at all and would certainly never recognize a Mexican divorce.

No trouble

There was only one thing left for them to do, the cablegram went on—to get married anyway. And soon. Of course, it would have to be done so nobody would know, or suspect. And so arrangements had been made with a judge in Mexico who would marry them by proxy at 12:30 p.m. of this very day. Then they would be husband and wife. And then, for as long as they could, they would keep their secret—between just themselves and their very best friends—so there would be as little trouble as possible for as long as possible.

JOB: Florence Reed, the veteran actress, told the *Twelfth Night Club* yesterday about her recent assignment in California. She played the nurse in *Romeo And Juliet*—the play takes place in Verona, Italy—with John Barrymore Jr., at the Pasadena Playhouse. Miss Reed caught cold, and stayed in bed between performances. One noon she was awakened for a matinee, and noticed it was raining. "Isn't it dreadful," she said to her maid. "I have to go all the way to Verona." . . . The maid said, "Oh, it's not too bad, by the Thruway."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

"No trouble," Sophia whispered, sadly now, as she finished re-reading the cablegram and ran her fingers across the blue-inked letters that spelled his name. "No trouble," she whispered again, thinking only of her loneliness on this day when Carlo should have been there, by her side.

No trouble. For Sophia could not even have imagined the anguish she would know later on this day, her wedding day. . . .

At Paramount Studios later that morning, Sophia hid her nervousness.

As usual, she arrived all smiles, kidded with the old gateman as he parked her car; with the make-up man and the costume girls as they tried hard to deglamorize her for her role as a maid in *Houseboat*, the picture she was then working on; with Cary Grant, her co-star and, of course, with her three most adoring fans.

The little ones

The fans were three of the children working in the picture. And on this particular morning they were excited.

"Aunt Sophie," one of them cried out as the three of them went rushing up to her. "We want to be the first ones to wish you a Happy Birthday."

"What?" Sophia asked, trying to pat all their heads at the same time.

"Yes," another said, taking over. "We heard yesterday that today was your birthday."

Sophia shook her head. "You are wrong," she said "*È venerdì.* It is Friday, the twentieth of September."

She couldn't imagine what was wrong until she saw the children's faces drop, as one. Then she knew.

"Tell me," she said to one of them, a little girl, standing, sadly, alongside her. "What is that you are hiding behind you?"

"Just a little box of cookies," the girl said.

"For me?" Sophia asked.

"Well," the little girl said, "we chipped in for the stuff yesterday and I made the cookies for you last night because I thought today was your birthday. But it's not. . . . And they'll be all stale by Friday."

Sophia got down on her knees and took the box from the little girl's hand. "How pretty it is wrapped," she said. "May I open it?"

The girl nodded.

"Ohhhhhh, *ma come sono belle* . . . how beautiful they are," Sophia said when she saw them—big, uneven mounds of cake specked with chocolate pieces straight from a giant-sized Hershey bar.

She looked at the children's faces and thought for a moment.

A special holiday

"Hear now," she said. "On Friday I will bring you all a big birthday cake and we will eat it all together, all right? But for now why don't I take this present from you and just make believe that today is a holiday for me and that you have given it to me for that holiday."

"Like the Fourth of July?" one of them asked.

"Or like it was some kind of big anniversary in Italy?" asked the other.

"Or like it was a secret celebration—only for you?" the little girl chimed in, a touch of delighted mystery in her voice.

"Like that," Sophia said, nodding.

Then she saw that Mel Shavelson, the director, was ready to start his camera rolling.

"We better go," she whispered to the children, kissing them all and shooing them off. "Our boss is waiting."

With a signal to the assistant director, she begged off for a minute in order to rush to her trailer-type dressing room and leave the cookies there.

Then she rushed to the set again, to begin the morning's work. . . .

Sophia was back in her dressing room a little after noon, moments after the break for lunch was called. For the past hour she'd found it harder and harder to control her nervousness and she wanted, desperately now, to be alone.

She sat down and looked around the tiny room. *If this were Italy and it were my wedding day and there were no trouble,* she thought, *how many people there would be, how much laughter there would be.*

She picked up a phone and ordered lunch from the commissary.

The young boy who brought it a few minutes later smiled. "This is the first time you're not eating in the dining room with everybody else," he said.

Sophia nodded. "I have a tiny headache," she said. "I will be all right."

She stared at the tray after the boy left—at the cottage cheese salad, the small glass of white wine, the piece of plain pound cake, her usual light lunch.

She sighed. No, she didn't feel like eating.

Then she looked down at her watch.

It was twenty minutes after twelve.

"In ten minutes," she thought.

Getting it over with

She could see it now, half-smiling as she visualized what was going on a thousand miles away at this moment, in a quiet judge's office somewhere in sprawling Mexico City, the judge wiping his glasses and getting ready to read the wedding speech, the two lawyers who would stand in for the bride and groom tweaking their mustaches—Sophia was certain they would both have large, black mustachios.

"I wonder," Sophia thought, still smiling, "if one will give the other a ring?"

Then, suddenly, it dawned on her.

She had no ring. In a few minutes she would be a bride—and she had no ring.

"*L'anello di Mama* . . . Mama's ring," she said aloud, remembering the wedding band her mother had given her once, telling her to wear it on her right hand. "I just have a feeling that someday it might bring you luck," her mother had said, "that you might be able to use it for something someday."

"*L'anello,*" Sophia said again now.

That was it! She would wear the ring her mother had given her.

She looked down at her right hand.

No, it was not there. Of course, it was not there. She wore it all the time, yes; but she could not wear it while she was shooting a scene in a picture, naturally.

She reached for the purse. As she did, she looked down at her watch. It was two minutes before 12:30 already.

"Quick," she told herself as she searched.

Finally, she found it.

She looked at the watch again.

It was 12:29.

For a full minute she remained rigid, waiting for the second hand to finish its final time 'round.

Then, finally, it was 12:30.

She slipped the ring onto the fourth finger of her left hand.

"I do, Carlo, I do"

And then, closing her eyes, imagining that she was kneeling at the altar, that a priest of her faith had just asked if she, Sophia, took Carlo to be her lawful wedded husband, to love him, honor and obey him, forever—she nodded and whispered, "I do, Carlo, I do."

Janet Blair says her husband, Nick Mayo, still is not over the shock of meeting her family for the first time: "I took him to my home town of Altoona, Pa., now with 150,000 population, and introduced him to my parents, uncles, aunts, grandparents, all of whom are happy, gusty, musical folk.

"Nick's first reaction was, 'They don't talk . . . they sing.' And then he was introduced to grandma, who grabbed him by the waist, gave him a big hug, and lifted him up . . . And she must be over 90. Nick said later, 'I'm glad I didn't meet her when she was younger.'"

Paul Denis

"It all started out so beautifully that night, it was so much fun, that none of us expected that anything awful would happen—as it did," said a close friend of Sophia's recently. She was one of the few friends the actress had called and asked to come over to the hotel to hear something special.

"I remember we got to the Bel-Air at about eight o'clock," she went on. "Sophia looked radiant.

"Carlo would be phoning in a little while, she said then, but meanwhile we would sit around and drink some champagne, she said.

"So we did—and it was wonderful. I could imagine what Sophia had been through earlier, being so alone, not being able to tell anybody that the biggest thing in her life had happened, that she had become a bride. But she'd obviously gotten over any anxieties she'd had by this time. And she was, as I said, radiant.

"Well, it must have been a little less than an hour later when the telephone rang.

"Sophia jumped up. 'This must be Carlo,' she said, 'calling from Switzerland.'

"She rushed for the phone, picked it up and nodded. 'Yes,' she said, smiling, 'the operator says it is Europe calling.'

"She didn't smile for long, though. Because it wasn't Carlo who was calling from Switzerland, but an agent of Sophia's calling from Rome.

"It was obvious from the beginning that he was telling her that word of the wedding had leaked out already, that the Italian press had already come out with stories about it, scathing stories.

" 'Tell them I do not care what they say,' we heard Sophia tell him. 'Tell them we did not commit a crime. . . . Tell them that Carlo and I *are* married, yes, and that we plan to have five, six, *seven* children!'

The denunciation

"She hung up and turned around. She was crying. And the next day we would know exactly why, when we read the reports from Rome: the Church denouncing her and Carlo as public sinners, one official stating that 'they cannot receive the sacraments until they have repaired the scandal,' another advising everyone to ban her pictures from this date on, 'to ignore Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti, remembering them only in prayers for their redemption'—still another telling them in no uncertain terms ever to return to Italy, because they were not, would never be, welcome again."

The friend remembers then how she and the others decided that the party was over and that it was time to leave.

They said their goodbyes, she remembers and Sophia was walking silently toward the door with them when the phone rang again.

For a moment Sophia seemed dazed, as if everything that had happened that day, that had just been said to her on the phone, was unreal, like the wedding dream she had dreamed earlier, like a scene from a movie she had seen once, a long time ago.

But then, the friend remembers, slowly, a smile began to show through her tears and she listened to the phone ring a few more times and then her smile grew broader and happier and she wiped away the tears, unashamed, with the back of her hand.

"You will all excuse me," she said, very proudly, "but now I must go back and talk to my husband."

When MODERN SCREEN spoke to Sophia the other day, she and her Carlo had been married for a little more than seven months. And, good to report, many of the problems of those early days had begun to iron out and Sophia—working now on *Black Orchid,* with Anthony Quinn—seemed happy to take a little time out and talk about her life with Carlo since that day last September.

The happy time

"I give thanks," she said, "that we have been able to be together most of the time. Carlo came to be with me shortly after the wedding by proxy and I do not think we have been separated more than a couple of days since. Even now, here in Hollywood, he is with me.

"Of course, I must work hard all day on the picture and Carlo works hard on many production details. But at night, when we are finished, we go back to the hotel and then it is just the two of us. There are stories that at the hotel I do all the cooking for Carlo and me. I wish this were true, because I like to cook. But unfortunately it is only sometimes that I do get to the stove. Why? Well, as I said, it is tiring working all day at the studio. And second, I am from the south of Italy and Carlo is from the north and we fight sometimes about the different styles of food we are used to. Me, from the south, I like much tomato sauce and spice. But Carlo, from the north, he likes more the plain food, not too much seasoned or with too much tomatoes.

"Anyway, after dinner—no matter who cooks it, me or the maid—we both go into the living room and we sit and relax. Many people say we do not go out much at night, as if that were something bad. But I say why should we? For us, it is just fun to sit around our apartment and talk. Or listen to our records—we like Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra and now Johnny Mathis, too, the best. Or to watch television. That is one of our favorite things, to watch the TV. We have a color set we rented and sometimes we have great fun turning the dials and making the faces on the screen turn all red or all green. Especially when it is somebody we do not like too much, we enjoy watching them in green.

"And then, after a few hours, we go to bed and before we fall asleep we always talk about what we will do when Saturday and Sunday comes and we do not have to work. Sometimes I tell Carlo that on Saturday I will start to be a real wife, to press his shirts and things like that. . . ."

She shrugged a hearty Neopolitan shrug and looked down at her wedding band, a new one Carlo had brought from Europe.

". . . So far I have not been able to do things like that," she went on, simply. "But I want very much to learn how to be a good wife. Because I have a very good husband. And for this I thank God, very much." **END**

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I lived with my boy friend's family

(*Continued from page 31*) And by that time Judi was seen on TV—she'd already been a top *professional* figure skater with the Ice Follies!

"Figure skating went when I leaned against a window," says this kid with the crazy mixed-up problem. Seems she *fell* through the window she was leaning against . . . and broke her back. That ended ice skating as a career, and started her at the Pasadena Playhouse . . . and that got her TV, a movie contract—and her strange situation. . . .

Okay, Judi?

"Okay."

It all started one hot July afternoon when Judi had a date with Troy Donahue, a six-foot-three giant whom she'd met on the set.

While eating dinner, Troy—whose interest in Judi showed—suggested they pay a visit to a friend of his, who had just come back from the hospital after an operation.

Troy is still regretting that suggestion!

The convalescing patient was Wendell Niles, Jr., son of the well-known radio announcer.

Judi and Wendell took one look at each other, and they liked what they saw. However, Troy being a friend of Niles' rather complicated matters.

But not for long.

The next night they made a double date, with Gretchen Foster coming along with Niles. Sensing what was happening between Judi and Wendell, Troy gave them little chance to be alone together. But Wendell did manage to whisper into Judi's ear a plea about seeing him later that evening, alone.

Ingrid Bergman said about Ernest Hemingway: "It's easy to act the roles created by Hemingway. An actress can digest the words easily, and doesn't need salt or pepper."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

The intrigue

Taking her home after the date was no problem for Troy. who lived in the same apartment house, a floor beneath Judi. Since the apartment walls are quite thin, she wanted to make sure he "knew" she was asleep by clumping up to her room, loudly dropping her shoes on the floor, and turning out the lights—just in case he was watching the reflection on the building opposite them.

Twenty minutes later she sneaked out of the house barefoot, and tiptoed downstairs. Her car was parked right in front of the entrance. Fearing Troy would recognize the sound of her engine, she got behind the car and pushed it down the driveway, which wasn't too tough since the driveway was a sharp down-hill. But a few seconds later she found herself stuck when she hit a bump in the road. As she leaned against the trunk with all her strength, she suddenly noticed another pair of shoulders straining to help her. When she turned her head—she saw Troy.

"You didn't have to do that," he said quietly.

"I'm sorry," Judi replied. She wanted to explain, but the words wouldn't come. And so she simply got into the car and took off.

Wendell had been waiting for her in front of his parents' house. He took her into the living room and poured her a cup of coffee. Then they sat on the couch and talked till four in the morning. They had found in each other the kind of person to whom they could pour out their hearts, to whom they could talk easily, about anything. Wendell never tried to kiss her, even hold hands.

Starting the following day, they became a steady two-some. And last Christmas, Wendell gave her the ring.

Because in his own mind Wendell was not certain what he was going to do—he was with the William Morris Agency when they met, but quit his job shortly afterwards—and because Judi's career was at the point where it required all her concentration, they decided not to get formally engaged. They simply had an understanding that if they felt about one another in a year as they did then—and do now—they would get married. In the meantime Wendell would go to New York where he had several offers in advertising.

And then came the crisis.

Wendell didn't want Judi to stay at her apartment, by herself. And that feeling didn't spell out Troy Donahue either.

He just had no intention of leaving "the little urchin" or "his poor little thing"—those're his nicknames for her—by herself without anyone to look after her.

Judi didn't go along with his line of reasoning.

"Move in with your parents?" she had cried out the night he first suggested it, "that's ridiculous!"

Wendell looked hurt. "Don't you like them?"

"I love them," Judi insisted, seriously. "And that's all the more reason why I wouldn't want to move in. I couldn't accept their kindness because I'd have no way to repay them.

"Besides—"

He looked at her speculatively. "Besides —*what?*"

"A girl just doesn't move in with the parents of the boy she hopes to marry some day. It just isn't done."

Judi's decision was final—she thought.

Wendell was just as determined to have his way. And if he couldn't be persuasive, he could be persistent. He had two weeks before he left for New York. He used almost every hour of it trying to wear her down. And Judi did change her mind, but not just because she got tired of saying *no*. Wendell's parents, particularly his mother, proved a strong ally in changing her mind. She had grown fond of Judi in the previous months. In addition to looking forward to the day Judi would be her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Niles welcomed the opportunity of having someone else around the house, now that her son would be gone for a whole year.

The problems

But after Wendell left, Judi became more and more worried that they were being kind and considerate only because she was going to marry their son. And as the days went by, the harder they tried to please her, the kinder, the more gracious they became, the more uneasy Judi felt.

They were always doing something for her—like Mrs. Niles having the bathtub full of water and ready for her to hop right into when she got home from work, or Mr. Niles putting a TV set in her own room or installing a remote control attachment into her car so she could open the door by just pushing a button.

She wanted to do something to repay them. Yet anything she thought of seemed inadequate.

From the very beginning she took care of her own room and helped with the dishes and much of the housework. But that, she felt, she would have done anyway, living in anyone's house.

She knew the Niles were well enough off so that they didn't need any financial help. But whether they needed it or not, Judi was determined to contribute to her upkeep anyway.

Every one of her attempts failed miserably.

One evening as she dried the dishes for Mrs. Niles, she hesitantly brought it up. Mrs. Niles didn't seem to understand what she was hinting about; Judi was convinced this was intentional. And she was too embarrassed to say it outright.

If she couldn't pay a certain amount each week, she decided, there were other ways. One day when she came home from the studio, she stopped at a market and bought a beautiful roast. The moment she put it on the kitchen sink, Mrs. Niles rushed for her purse.

Marlon Brando bleached his hair blond for his role in *The Young Lions*. At first a blond wig was made for him in Hollywood and sent to Paris, where the movie was filmed. The wig didn't fit, and not even Paris' foremost wig-maker, Bertrand, could fix it. Bertrand, in despair, asked Brando: "Do you think, possibly, that your head has shrunk since you were measured in Hollywood?" "Many things happen to a Hollywood actor's head," replied Brando. "But shrink? Never."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

"Oh no, that's on me!" Judi protested.

Mrs. Niles refused to discuss the matter, simply insisted Judi take the money—and that was that.

Not that Judi didn't appreciate everything, even though—as she thought—they were doing it only for Wendell . . . not for *her*. She wanted to cry out, time and again, *Thanks, I love you for it. I love you very much.* But the more she thought of it, the more in the way she felt.

And it started to affect her whole relationship with them. When she had first moved in she could talk to them easily, kid about this or that or horse around. As the weeks went by she got quieter and quieter, trying to fade into the background as if she weren't there. When the Niles had guests, Judi turned into a silent observer because she didn't want to "intrude." *It's their home,* she kept telling herself, *their friends, their guests. Their lives. I am not even officially engaged to their son, and here I am sleeping in their bed, eating their food, mingling with their friends. . . .*

So when she and Mrs. Niles had coffee together in the morning and Judi wanted to say how at home it felt, how it reminded her of being with her own mother when she still lived at home—instead she'd make some meaningless remark about the weather. Or when Mrs. Niles went to the hospital for a couple of days and she wanted to ask Mr. Niles to let her take over the cooking—somehow this seemed presumptuous to her, and she said nothing.

Her situation became still tougher be-

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cause Judi is the kind of girl who periodically has to let go of her emotions. When she had her own place, on the spur of a moment she would sometimes scream or holler—or laugh out loud when something struck her particularly funny. She had loved her privacy, because she could get up in the middle of the night as noisily as she wished, and head for the refrigerator for a midnight snack. Now, although she knew she was welcome to anything she wanted, she would sneak through the house and quietly open the refrigerator in search of a piece of cheese or an apple.

Yet her stay had many advantages too.

Plenty of advantages

Since Judi had left home at fifteen to join the Ice Follies, no one had ever cared if she got enough to eat, sufficient rest or ample exercise. When she was ill, it was her tough luck. No one else even knew.

Not any more. Mrs. Niles makes sure that she has enough to eat, sufficient rest, and worries about her like she would about her own daughter. What's more, she is careful never to disturb her privacy—nor when it comes to dating, to impose on her social life or in any way criticize or play detective in behalf of her son.

Judi's philosophy on the subject is typically female. Before Wendell left, she insisted that her profession required her to go to premières, parties, and other official functions. Since he wasn't there, she'd just have to go with someone else.

"That's all right with me," Wendell had promised, like he meant it.

"Aren't you going to be jealous?" Judi asked in surprise.

"Should I be?"

"Of course not," she insisted. "Just go on loving me. But," she added, *and she meant it,* "I don't want to hear about you going out with any girl in New York!"

Zsa Zsa's lament: "I've been known for my looks, my diamonds and my romances. Now I want to be admired for my acting."

Walter Winchell in the New York Mirror

A few privacies

While Judi's life has become an open book for Wendell and his parents, she eagerly clings to a few specks of privacy. One of them is her own telephone, which she had installed in her room. While she had no secrets to keep from the Niles', she looks at the phone with almost the same fond attachment that she feels toward Niles' letters—which she carries in her purse and reads over and over and over again. Yet most of the local calls are short and to the point: from her studio, her answering service, her few friends, boys whose dates she accepts but not particularly enjoys because her heart belongs to Wendell. Mostly she waits for his calls, and her thoughts and her love for him, and to hear his assurance that he misses her, and loves her.

Wendell himself is most concerned about how she is getting along at his parents' home.

"Fine, just wonderful," Judy will tell him, because she knows how much it means to him.

Because, in spite of some awkward moments, of wondering at times how she ever got herself into such a fix, she has convinced herself that under the circumstances she is a lot better off *with* them than on her own.

Besides—it won't be forever. . . . **END**

Judi is in SUMMER LOVE *and will appear in* WILD HERITAGE, *both for U-I.*

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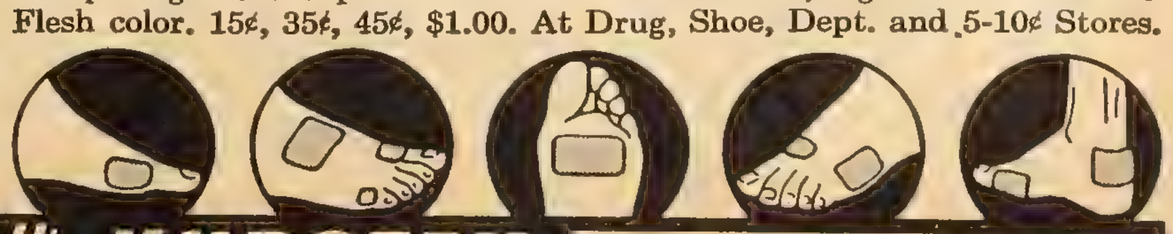
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Dr Scholl's KUROTEX A Superior Moleskin

mama, I can't come home

(*Continued from page 47*) another car was pulling up—this time with Jimmy's Uncle Mannie, his wife Cora and their daughter Vicky.

And then, right behind it, came another car—with Uncle Dominick and Aunt Betty.

A third truck followed, a very fancy red truck with a giant stork painted on its side and with a crib and highchair tied to its back, both of which were removed by the driver and his assistant and carried into the house.

And then came still another car—this one carrying Uncle Stanley, his wife Mary, and their infant son, Stanley, Jr.

"By eleven o'clock," said an old man sitting with a crony on a stoop across the way, "I bet you there are thirty people in there."

"Fifty," his friend said, contradicting him. "Maybe even fifty-five!"

Actually, the second old man was closer to the truth.

But at the moment, inside the bustling house, Jimmy's folks and grandparents weren't concerned about whether there'd be fifty-five or a hundred-and-fifty-five people visiting that day. All that was important to them was that Jimmy, Gloria and the baby had left Hollywood on the midnight flight, that they were going to be home at about noon—and that they had to be ready for them.

"Now everybody relax nice in the living room while Mama and I start preparing the lunch," Mrs. Ercolani was saying to the gang of new-arrivals when the phone rang.

"Jimmy?" she cried into the receiver, surprised, a moment later. "But Jimmy, you're supposed to be on the airplane, I thought. What are you doing calling from California?"

She listened as Jimmy explained. Just before they were supposed to leave last night, he said, he'd gotten a call from the studio to stand by for a conference the following day, Saturday. It was almost 3 A.M. Philadelphia time when this happened, he said, and that was why he hadn't phoned then.

"But you *will* come?" Mrs. Ercolani asked now, "hah, Jimmy?"

Jimmy said "Sure"

She nodded to the others, relieved, and Jimmy said sure he would. The conference was scheduled for a few minutes from now, he said. He had no idea what it was about. But it surely wouldn't take long, he told her. And then, right after it was over, he, Gloria and the baby would dash out to the airport and make it home just about in time for supper.

"Oh, good," Mrs. Ercolani said, all smiles again. "A lot of us are here already. And don't worry about the baby not being comfortable when he gets here. Because we bought a nice crib for him and a highchair and everything." She sighed. "Oh Jimmy," she said, unable to hide her excitement, "how we're looking forward to seeing him after all this time."

Then she glanced to her side where her mother was standing now, obviously anxious to talk to her grandson. She handed her the phone.

"Hello, my movie star," the old woman said as she took the receiver and cupped it to her ear. "Listen, come home right away because we make the ravioli for you. *Si*, the ravioli like you used to like them when you were small, with the ricotta cheese and the spinach in them. And we make the pizza—not the frozen kind you have to eat out there in California, but the real kind with the dough we make ourself. And tomorrow morning, Jimmy, *I* make you the eggs, nice—sunny-sides up. Remember, Jimmy, how when you were small you said I was the only one who could make the eggs good?" She laughed. "Now hurry up and get on the airplane after your business is finished. And *wey*, don't forget to bring my great-grandson with you. Remember, I never seen him and I wait all this year to see him."

The hours after that went by swiftly. By noon, everybody who had showed up already sat down to lunch—in shifts. And then, starting at about one o'clock, the rest of the crowd began to appear . . . in twos, fours and what-have-yous . . . more relatives and old friends of the family from the neighborhood, pals of Jimmy's from school, some of Gloria's girl friends from her old neighborhood . . . practically everybody from that part of Philadelphia, it seemed.

Remembering Jimmy

It was about three o'clock when Mr. Charlie showed up. Mr. Charlie was manager of the Colonial, a movie house around the corner from the Ercolanis, a big jolly man who had known Jimmy since he was a kid.

"That Jimmy of yours," he laughed, after Mr. and Mrs. Ercolani had greeted him, "I remember having to shoo him out of the movie house practically every Saturday afternoon because he was too noisy. And now here it is, a Saturday afternoon a few years later, and I drop by to say hello to him—a big actor, just back from Hollywood!"

Mr. Charlie looked around the crowded room.

"Where is he, anyway?" he asked.

Mr. Ercolani had just begun to explain what had happened—how Jimmy had been delayed, but how he was probably on the plane this very minute, headed East—when the phone rang again.

Mr. Ercolani excused himself and picked it up.

Then, a few minutes later, after talking over the loud festive chattering, he hung up and called out for everybody to please be quiet.

"That was Jimmy again," he said, softly, signaling his wife over and taking her hand in his. He tried to smile, "Jimmy told me he has some good news. He said that he just talked to a big vice-president at the studio where he works and the vice-president told him he's got an important part in a big new picture. It's called *Gunman's Walk*, I think Jimmy said." He cleared his throat. "Only thing," he went on, "is that the picture starts shooting next week and so Jimmy can't come home."

"He can't?" Mrs. Ercolani asked.

"No," her husband said. "But . . . but he told me not to send the crib back to the store because he and Gloria and the baby would definitely be here when the picture's finished, in a few months."

"In a few months?" Mrs. Ercolani asked.

Her husband nodded.

Keep the crib

"Of course we don't send the crib back," Mrs. Ercolani said suddenly, looking around the room and trying to smile, too. "And so what they don't come home today like we expected they would? After all, a big part in a picture is important. And you don't get them every day. Do you?"

But she didn't wait for an answer from the silent crowd. Instead she turned and rushed out of the living room, to her own room, where she could have a good long cry.

At that moment, in Hollywood, Gloria was giving the baby his lunch.

"Jimmy," she called out to her husband as she wiped the last traces of strained prunes from young Jimmy's face, "are you ready, honey?"

"Yeah. Whenever you are," she heard her husband call back.

She shook her head. She was disappointed about the trip being called off suddenly, sure. But she'd never seen her husband act so sad about anything in his life. In those last few minutes she'd tried to lighten things a bit, reminding him how important this new role would be to his career, how lucky he was to land a part in a Grade-A western. But Jimmy wasn't buying any career-talk now, not for all the tea in China or all the Grade-A westerns in Hollywood. "They'd counted on seeing the baby, finally, so much," he'd said instead, over and over. "It's gonna break their hearts now that we can't make it."

The tonic car

Gloria had waited just a little while, and then she'd suggested they go for a ride somewhere. She knew from experience that Jimmy's car was his best medicine, that an afternoon behind the wheel would help take his mind off his big disappointment.

As it turned out, this was one time Gloria couldn't have been more wrong. Because Jimmy wasn't a sulker by nature—but he certainly did a lot of sulking for the rest of that afternoon.

Gloria noticed it as they drove to the beach first—how her husband didn't say a word all during the drive. Then on the beach, as he sat making little sand castles with the baby—how he still didn't say anything. And then, all through the snack they stopped for at a drive-in, how he acted just the same, quiet, unsmiling, thinking of how things *would* have been in Philadelphia at that moment if they'd been able to make the trip, thinking of the happy faces, the big long hugs, the laughter, the excitement over the baby.

Even when they got to Kiddieland—an amusement park for children and Jimmy, Jr.'s favorite spot in all California—Jim, Sr. remained glum.

He went through all the usual motions, all right. He took the baby on most of the rides. He bought him a frozen custard cup. He picked him up when he was tired. He put him down when he wanted to start running around again.

But he did it all slowly, mechanically, with about as much spirit as a heart-sick puppy—and it wasn't until just before they were ready to leave when something happened that changed everything for Jimmy.

It started with the baby.

Jimmy, thinking his son had really had it by this time, had picked him up for what he thought was the last time that afternoon and begun to head back to the car, when suddenly the baby began to squirm.

"What is it, Buddy?" Jimmy asked.

"Wan' go," the baby said. "Wan' go."

"You wanna go where?" Jimmy asked.

He watched as the baby pointed to the one ride he hadn't been on that day—the airplanes.

"Well, Buddy," Jimmy said, "that's very funny, because you almost went on an airplane today. You and your Mommy and me, we all almost—"

"Plane," the baby nodded, interrupting him. "Me on plane, Da-Da."

Jimmy shook his head. "You *almost* on plane—" he started to say again, when all of a sudden he stopped walking and stood there now, thinking about something and beginning to smile.

"Wan' go," the baby kept saying, over and over, as Jimmy continued standing there, as the smile on his face grew broader and broader, until Gloria—who'd been walking alongside them, not paying

any particular attention to what was going on just then—turned to Jimmy and asked, "What are you grinning about?"

"Glo, I just got an idea," Jimmy said.

"What's that?" Gloria asked.

"Glo," Jim explained, his voice triumphant, "the baby—he just gave me a great idea!"

And this is it

Things were quiet at the Ercolani house in Philadelphia the next morning. Jim's folks and grandparents had gone to early Mass at the church down the street and they were back home by ten o'clock. Sunday was normally a pretty lively day at the house—with maybe Johnny and his wife invited over to dinner along with some other relatives and some friends, too. But this particular Sunday had started quiet and, as far as the Ercolanis were concerned, it would have been silly to try to liven it up. The wonderful fun they'd expected to have the night before—and now, today—just wasn't going to be. That they knew, and there was no sense in kidding themselves that anything could make up for their disappointment.

Even when, shortly after one o'clock, Mrs. Ercolani's brother Dominick and his wife Betty showed up unexpectedly—a little out of breath *and* smiling to beat the band, for some strange reason—the Ercolanis and Jimmy's grandparents couldn't rouse much enthusiasm.

"Nice to see you," Mr. Ercolani said, shaking his brother-in-law's hand.

"Good to see you, Ray," Dom said. "Any phone calls yet?"

"What do you mean any phone calls?" Mr. Ercolani asked.

Dom looked down at his watch. "Oh, I just thought maybe you got a phone call or something this morning," he said, turning to Betty and winking.

The others looked at each other, confused.

"Dominick," Mrs. Ercolani asked her brother, "you sure you're feeling all right today?"

"Sure," Dom said, looking down at the watch again, "I'm feeling fine."

Then he looked over at the phone and pointed to it. And sure enough, suddenly, it rang.

"What's going on here?" Mrs. Ercolani asked, more confused than ever now, as she went to pick it up.

"Hollywood?" she was asking into the receiver a moment later. She nodded and looked at her husband. "It must be Jimmy again, to say hello," she said.

"Hello, Jimmy?" she called into the receiver, after another moment.

"Hello, Mom," she heard Jimmy's voice greet her, "how are you?"

"Fine, Jimmy, fine," she said. "And you and Gloria and the baby?"

"Great, Mom," Jimmy said. "But boy, I sure feel bad about what happened yesterday, us not being able to show up."

The vinto

"Oh, well—" Mrs. Ercolani started to say.

"I know how much you all wanted to see the baby, huh, Mom?" Jimmy interrupted her.

"Well, sure."

"You'd really *like* to see that grandson of yours, wouldn't you, Mom?"

"Of course, Jimmy, but—"

"Mom," Jimmy said, suddenly, "do me a favor. Go open the door."

"What door?" his mother asked.

"The front door," Jimmy said. "Go ahead, go open it."

Mrs. Ercolani sighed. First her brother acting cuckoo. And now her son. "Jimmy, you haven't started drinking since you've been out there in California, have you?" she asked, worried.



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"Mom," Jimmy said, chuckling, "please . . . just go open the front door."

She opened it.

"Hello," a pretty young woman said to her.

"Hello," Mrs. Ercolani said—not recognizing the young woman at first, nor the baby she was holding.

Then, suddenly, she did recognize them. And she shouted, "It's Gloria! *And Little Jimmy!*"

A long long-distance

As Big Jimmy himself describes what happened after that:

"I must have been on the phone for three or four minutes, just hanging on; listening to all the shouting and yelling and crying when the family saw Gloria and the baby standing there. Mom was too excited to come back to the phone to talk to me. Honest, I think she forgot about me altogether those next few minutes. But when my Pop got on the phone I explained to him what had happened, how I'd decided the night before to let Gloria and the baby come even if I couldn't make it, how I'd called Uncle Dom and Aunt Betty and told them about the plot, how they'd met Gloria at the airport and then how we had it all arranged that I'd phone at 1:15 on the dot and have Gloria and the baby waiting behind the door.

"It all worked out perfectly. And even though my Mom never came back to the phone, I remember my grandmother did at one point.

" 'Hey, you,' she said, after raving for a few minutes about *Jiminootz*, her little great-grandson, 'why *you* no come home?'

"I explained again about the picture I had to start working on.

" 'But we got some of the ravioli left over from yesterday, still nice and fresh,' she told me.

" 'I tell you what, *Nonna*' I said, 'in a little while, just when you're all sitting down to eat, I'll go to a restaurant around here and I'll order a meal just like yours and then I can make believe we're all together. All right?'

Jimmy was in the restaurant about an hour later, a little Italian eating place on Sunset Boulevard, not far from his and Gloria's apartment.

Sitting alone, he ordered the meal his grandmother had said she and his mom had prepared, item for item.

Then, closing his eyes, he lifted his wine glass and began to whisper a toast.

"Did you say something?" a waiter who was passing by asked.

"Uh, no," Jimmy said.

"Oh, just practicing for a movie?"

"Yeah, that's right," Jimmy said, smiling, "just practicing."

Still smiling, he looked around the table—at the places where he imagined his dad was sitting, and Gloria, and Grandma and Grandpa, *and* Mom, proudly holding the baby in her lap.

Then, making sure the waiter was gone, he lifted his wine glass again, took a sip and whispered *buon appetito*—hearty appetite—to a very happy group of people, three thousand very far miles away. **END**

Watch for Jimmy in Columbia's GUNMAN'S WALK.

debbie's thrilling morning with the stork

(*Continued from page 45*) *No,* she told herself, *I won't do it.* No point in waking him, hours before she'd have to go to the hospital.

I thought her philosophical attitude was pretty sane when she described just how she felt—"Men are so excitable about childbirth because they are actually so outside of what's happening. After all, there isn't a thing in the world they can do but just stand by and pray God that everything will go all right. So all they do is get themselves in a turmoil, which is pretty frustrating."

Through the long night hours her pains, at first slight, increased gradually. It was about 5 A.M., she recalls, when she began to feel pretty certain that February 24 was to be her second baby's birthday. She telephoned Dr. Charles Levy, who had delivered her daughter Carrie, and he told her to get ready for a trip to St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank.

"Keep in close touch and call me right away if there are any important changes," the doctor ordered.

Not until then did she wake Eddie up. His reaction was characteristic of the expectant father. He jumped out of bed and yelled, "Let's go! Just put on a robe and we'll be over there in nothing flat!"

"Cool it, cool it, honey," Debbie admonished him, quite the unperturbed young matron—who'd been through all this before. "There isn't that big a hurry. I'll have time to dress and eat breakfast."

But Eddie was in a flutter of excitement. He couldn't understand how she could be so calm, even though fatherhood wasn't a new experience to him either.

Remembering Carrie

When little Carrie was ready to make her bow into the world they'd had to drive all the way from Palm Springs to Burbank, a hundred and twenty miles, and it had seemed like five hundred. And the doctor had been so matter-of-fact about it that Eddie had almost hated him. But—well, do fathers ever learn? Now Eddie was facing the same ordeal again and he was dead sure the baby would arrive before they could get to the hospital.

Again Dr. Levy was taking it all in stride.

"Be at the hospital around ten o'clock," he advised calmly.

Debbie was beaming, happy that her anxious waiting was nearly at an end.

"A good thing," she remarked, "that this didn't happen while you were doing your television show."

"Pretty good timing, I'd call it," Eddie grinned. "But it wouldn't have made any difference; I'd have been with you anyway."

That's one point they had talked over together. "You're not to worry if I have to go to the hospital while you're on the air," Debbie had insisted. "The chauffeur can drive me."

"Not in a thousand years," was Eddie's retort. "Nobody but me will drive my wife to the hospital, and I'll have a stand-by ready to pinch-hit for me if it should happen that way. I'm going to be right with you, all the time."

While they were preparing to start for the hospital she kept telling him that Dr. Levy knew perfectly well what he was doing and that he'd take good care of her.

"Oh, I know that, I know that," Eddie said. "But something might go wrong and we can't take any chances."

Starting out of the driveway Eddie shoved down hard on the pedal and the speedometer needle climbed like mad.

"Now let's not get a traffic ticket, and don't run any lights, and watch out for boulevard stops," she warned.

"Wish I'd remembered to get a motorcycle escort. We could have arranged it."

"Oh, there's plenty of time, no hurry. Dr. Levy thinks the baby will arrive about noon. There's hours."

"Say, what if we had to stop and let the baby be born right here in the car? Gee!"

"Silly! Nothing like that's going to happen. Come on, let's sing and forget it."

A duet

She began and Eddie did his best to join in, but for once his voice came out a little cracked. Debbie's tones throbbed with her happiness.

They made good time, with most of the traffic going in the opposite direction. Toward the end Debbie began to be a little excited too, and she stopped singing because her pains were coming with a quickening intensity that told her time was running out for her. It was with a great surge of relief that she walked into St. Joseph's and glimpsed Dr. Levy's reassuring smile as he took her arm and led her to the room prepared for her.

She felt forlorn and alone, for this was one road she had to travel by herself—only his love could he send with her.

And how did Eddie spend those hours? Sweating it out until the nurse came to tell him, "It's a fine big boy!"

Eddie's grin stretched from here to there.

"Dean said it would be a boy," he said, remembering happily what his pal Dean Martin had told him: "If you don't set your heart on a boy too much you'll get one." So Eddie, wanting a son, hadn't let himself get too keyed up about it. A son was what he really wanted deep inside. And now he had his wish.

Dean knows

Dean, the father of seven, was speaking from experience. Eddie was tempted to get right on the phone and tell Dean, "I've got a son!" And that's exactly what he did, but not until after he had followed the nurse and stood mutely happy at Debbie's bedside. After a little while he found his voice. The hospital nurse told me Eddie's first words about his son were, "My, what a whopper he is!" And then, "Look at those legs! Long! Say, he ought to be a great basketball player!"

Debbie's mother arrived then and she and Eddie got on the telephone to call friends and relatives.

After all his good intentions, when Eddie got Dean Martin on the phone he told him, "It's a girl! No, I mean it's a boy." Dean said "You'd better go back and take another look to be sure. And listen, when you've gone through this as many times as I have you won't get all hot and bothered. Cool down, man! Cool down!"

Naming the baby, if a boy, had been pretty well decided in advance by Debbie and Eddie. And so he's Todd Emanuel, after two of their dearest friends, Mike Todd and Mannie Sachs—both so tragically taken from them. Mannie, a potent influence in Eddie's early career, died a few months before Mike's ill-fated plane crash.

How did that thrilling morning end? With a disappointment.

Just as soon as she was rested, Debbie began clamoring for baby daughter Carrie. So when Debbie fell asleep, Eddie drove home to fetch Carrie. That's when Eddie found out there was a strict rule against allowing young children in a hospital, where there are so many other babies whose health must be guarded. So Carrie had to wait in the car. Her mommy sent her a fluffy doll, delivered for the new baby, so Carrie didn't mind too much. But Debbie did! Maybe that's why in just four days Debbie went home, an amazingly brief time of recuperation considering the difficult time she'd had. The hospital people would have preferred another week for her, but she couldn't wait to show off the baby brother to Carrie.

"There is no problem of jealousy," Debbie assured me. "Carrie loves the baby so much she wants to be kissing him all the time. When babies are so nearly the same age it isn't so difficult for the older one to accept the new one. That's why we planned to have them as close together as possible."

What the future holds

Although they've made up their minds to have more children later on, Debbie and Eddie are going to wait a while before they put in their order for No. 3.

"I want to get back to making pictures now," she explained. "I'm to star in *The Boy Friend*, which was scheduled to start in April at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—the musicians' strike had forced a delay. Perhaps I shan't be able to work until late summer, which is all right with me because I'll have more time to prepare."

There are two nurses on duty all the time in the Fisher household to keep watch over the babies and to be prepared for any emergency. But Debbie loves to look after them herself. The other day I was talking to her over the phone and little Carrie was crying in another room. Debbie said "Excuse me" and then I could hear her call out, "Just a minute, darling, Mommy is coming as soon as she can!

"We have an intercom system in the house," she explained to me, "so I can talk to the babies from wherever I happen to be. They're always reassured when they hear my voice because it means everything's all right in their little world."

I went to the baby shower that Lita Baron—Mrs. Rory Calhoun—gave for Debbie a few weeks before little Todd Emanuel arrived. Judging from the wondrous gifts I saw, this youngster will not have to worry about not having a stitch to wear!

"I had a lot of baby things left over that Carrie never used," Debbie told me. "And you saw the package we carted away from Lita's house! Most of the gifts were pretty practical, too. Little shirts and things babies wear, and enough blankets and comforters to raise a family of eight or more," she laughed.

One thing Debbie told me that her fans will be interested to hear is that she doesn't want to play any more innocent-young-girl roles even though she still looks like a teenager. Her comment was, "I've had it with that kind of acting, and now I want more sophisticated parts, something I can get my teeth into.

"Another thing, I don't want to go on any long out-of-town locations. I had quite a scare when Eddie and I came back from Europe after several weeks away from Carrie and she didn't know me. I don't want that to happen again. Eddie wants to stay around home as much as possible, too. With his weekly television show, he won't have time to accept any night club engagements until midsummer. Then he'll be going into the Las Vegas Tropicana for a few weeks, but we can all be in Las Vegas and not separated.

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ON SALE WHEREVER POCKETSIZE BOOKS ARE SOLD

the johnny mathis story

(*Continued from page 42*) at the newspaper that lay on the table. It was opened to the entertainment page, folded so that only two items showed, announcements of the two big openings for that night—his, Johnny Mathis', here at the Crescendo; and Sammy Davis Jr., across town at the Moulin Rouge.

He smiled when he saw Sammy's name there. He didn't care a hoot about some of the whispers he'd heard during the past few days, like *tsk-tsk, wasn't it a shame that Sammy was opening on the very same night as Johnny;* and like *wasn't it too bad that even though Johnny's show was practically sold out, all the big names in town—stars and newspaper people—were going to be over at the Moulin Rouge for the first show and would probably remain there for the rest of the evening.*

Well, Johnny had heard all these whispers. He'd even known there might be some truth to them. But now, right now, the fact that he and Sammy were opening the same night didn't seem to bother him.

Why should it? he thought, his eyes shifting from the newspaper to the pile of telegrams on the other side of his dressing table, then focusing on the telegram on top.

The telegram on top

It was from Sammy himself. It was full of best wishes. It was from a guy, a star, Johnny had never met but who'd taken time out that day to wish him well—and it made him feel good.

He read the telegram, over and over again.

And then, slowly, to pass the time, he began to re-read the other telegrams that had come that day, the other messages that had made him feel good, that had relieved some of the big tension of that big all-important and nerve-wracking moment in his career. And for a little while at least they helped make him forget that soon he'd be standing outside the little lonely dressing room, in the glare of the big lonely spotlight with the nine-piece orchestra behind him and the two hundred blurred faces before him—and for a little while at least, picking up the telegrams, one by one, he was reminded of people and places and things he'd almost forgotten for the moment and he began to remember back, way back, to the early days, the calmer days, the days of laughter and sadness, of hoping and sweating and wondering. . . .

The first telegram, from a grade school teacher in San Francisco, brought Johnny back to that day sixteen years ago, when he was six. And what a day! Johnny had been in the teacher's 1-A class for a couple of weeks when she called him to come forward and draw a girl's picture—Goldilocks, to be exact—on the blackboard. Johnny had been a shy kid, very shy, and the thought of having to stand up in front of all the other kids now for the first time in his school life made his knees shake. "Johnny," the teacher kept calling as the tiny little boy slowly walked down the aisle, "will you *please* hurry?" Johnny began hurrying, all right, but this didn't stop his knees from shaking. And when he got to the blackboard, he found that his fingers weren't acting so steady either. Carefully, the teacher handed him a new piece of beautiful golden-yellow chalk and told him to begin by drawing Goldilocks' tresses. Johnny began, and he'd drawn all of three big curls when suddenly the chalk slipped from his hand and fell to the floor. "Johnny," the teacher snapped, "the Board of Education pays lots of

money so we can have this pretty colored chalk. Now pick it up!" Johnny nodded, scared stiff. But, just as he was bending to retrieve the valuable stuff, he tripped and fell and *crunch* went the chalk, right under his elbow. "Johnny," the teacher snapped again and, for some reason, she got so angry now she bent over and slapped the frightened, wide-eyed boy hard in the face. This was when Johnny figured he'd had it. Because, shy, or not shy, he got up, kicked the squashed chalk aside and slapped the teacher right back. Of course there was a fuss, what with Johnny's family being called up to school and Johnny being punished plenty good and the teacher being pretty ornery to him for the next couple of months. But gradually, as the term wore on, she got to like him, and he her, and by the time Johnny was ready to leave the school for junior high a few years later, they were very good friends.

And now, many years later, this night had come and a couple of hours earlier the same teacher had sent Johnny her wire from the old home town: KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, she'd written, AND SLAP THEM ALL HARD TONIGHT WITH YOUR SONGS!

A poem for Johnny

Then there was the telegram from Juanita. It was a sweet telegram, a poem, obviously composed by Juanita. It reminded Johnny of another poem she had written once, when they were both back in eighth grade. Johnny, to put it simply, had been in love with Juanita. "She had," he recalls, "long black hair, always in pigtails, and since she sat in front of me in class, I'd pull them all the time. Also, she was the prettiest girl I'd ever seen in my life." Well, Juanita had thought Johnny was cute enough, too, but it just so happened that she'd had a king-size crush on somebody else. And so, to try to get Johnny off her neck—literally and otherwise—she wrote him a poem one day which she slipped onto his desk and which read:

I know Johnny that you like me
But it's really Sylvia you should see

Johnny's curiosity was piqued. *Who's Sylvia?* he wrote back. *Meet me outside at three o'clock,* Juanita answered, *and I'll show you.* It turned out that Sylvia was Juanita's best friend. "She was sure nice," Johnny recalls, "but she wasn't half as pretty as Juanita. And besides, she had short hair." The introduction, then, was a flop. And so was Johnny's further pursuit of Juanita. And then, just a couple of years ago when Johnny was attending San Francisco State College, he'd bumped into a beautiful girl student one day who looked awfully familiar to him, and vice versa. It took them only seconds to recognize each other, and after cries of "Juanita!" and "Johnny!" and a long affectionate hug, they went down to the school cafeteria for a sandwich and coffee and talked and laughed about the old days, about the pigtails and Sylvia and school and everything else they could think about. Before they left Johnny had said something about the fact that he was doing some singing in his spare time, that he didn't know how good or bad he was but that he hoped some day to find out. "Well," Juanita told him, "when you make it and you make your debut—your real important debut—I'm going to send you a big fat telegram. Okay?" "Okay," Johnny said. And now, the important debut was about to take place. And Juanita hadn't forgotten her promise.

"I always told you . . ."

Nor had Connie Cox. God bless her always. Connie had sent a very simple telegram to Johnny that night. It read: I ALWAYS KNEW TONIGHT WOULD COME. I ALWAYS TOLD YOU I'D BE SENDING THIS WIRE SOMEDAY. But as Johnny read it, he remembered how—behind the simply-worded message—lay those years of faith and kindness, those years that began that Saturday morning when he was twelve years old. . . .

"Miss Cox," he'd said after he walked, unannounced, into her music studio, "my name is John Mathis and my daddy used to be in vaudeville when he was young and he thinks I might have a good voice and somebody said you're the best teacher in San Francisco to help me find out."

"Well!" Connie had said, catching her own breath. "Why don't you let me hear you sing something?"

Johnny cleared his throat. "Do you know *Sunny Side of the Street?*" he asked. "That's the one I sing most with my daddy."

Connie nodded, sat at the piano and played the intro. Then Johnny began to sing.

And right off, Connie knew.

When he was through, Connie smiled. "Yes, young man, I'd like to teach you," she said.

Again, Johnny cleared his throat. "Can you tell me what you charge?" he asked.

"Three dollars an hour," said Connie.

Johnny didn't say anything.

"Two dollars an hour, maybe?" Connie asked.

Johnny shook his head.

"A dollar?"

Johnny turned to go. "My family's poor, Miss Cox," he said. "We're seven children, all told—and we can't afford to pay anything. But I was thinking. . . ."

"What were you thinking, Johnny?" Connie asked, stopping him at the door and putting her arm around his shoulder.

Payment for the lessons

"I was thinking," Johnny said, "that maybe if you needed somebody to do some work for you, like sweep the floors and take out the garbage and take care of the grass outside in the summer—I thought maybe I could work for my lessons, if that was all right with you, Miss Cox."

"That's a very good idea, Johnny," Connie said, without a pause and smiling again. "That's the best idea I've heard in a long time. Now, why don't you come here next Saturday afternoon at two o'clock and we'll begin our practice."

Johnny was there that next Saturday, at two on the dot. And at three on the dot, he made his way to the broom closet and got down to another kind of work. And so it went that afternoon, and the following Saturday afternoon, and for Saturday after Saturday for the next six years. And then the day of the last lesson had come. Johnny was just about finished with high school now. He'd done brilliantly in his studies and in sports—it's a little known fact that Johnny was one of the best athletes in California school history, basketball and track specifically—and he'd just won a scholarship to San Francisco State, where he planned to major in English and, eventually, teach it.

"I've taught you everything about music that I know, Johnny," Connie had told him that last afternoon. "Now it's up to you. You're a good singer, Johnny. You can be a great singer. I don't blame you for not wanting to take the chance, for wanting to go to college just in case nothing pans out. But try to divide your time as best you can, boy. Try to get out there on Saturday night, any night you have free, and sing in clubs and get yourself heard. Because if you do, Johnny, it's go-

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JUNE BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in June, your birthstone is a pearl and your flower is a rose. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

June 1—**Marilyn Monroe**

June 3—**Tony Curtis**
Paulette Goddard

June 4—**John Barrymore, Jr.**
Rosalind Russell

June 7—**Dolores Gray**
Dean Martin

June 8—**James Darren**
Dana Wynter

June 9—**Robert Cummings**
Mona Freeman

June 11—**Richard Todd**

June 12—**Vic Damone**
Bill Lundigan

June 14—**Dorothy McGuire**

June 17—**Ralph Bellamy**

June 18—**Eva Bartok**
Maggie McNamara

June 19—**Pier Angeli**
Charles Coburn
Louis Jourdan
Marisa Pavan

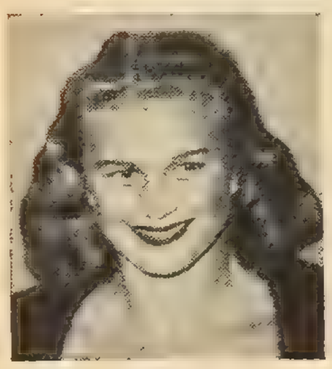
June 20—**Errol Flynn**
Audie Murphy

June 21—**Judy Holliday**
Jane Russell

June 22—**Gower Champion**

June 26—**Eleanor Parker**

June 30—**Susan Hayward**



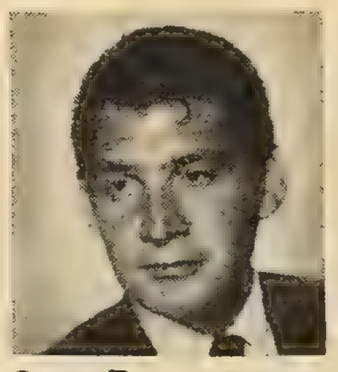
Joan Caulfield
June 1



Carol Ohmart
June 3



Carlos Thompson
June 7



Gene Barry
June 14



Rosanna Podesta
June 20



Charlotte Greenwood
June 25

ing to be tough, sure—but chances are it's going to be worth your while, worth all the hours and years we've put into all this."

And now, just a couple of years later, it made Johnny feel good to be able to sit there in the dressing room at the Crescendo that night and read Connie's telegram, the words: I ALWAYS KNEW TONIGHT WOULD COME.

Connie was a person he'd never be able to thank enough, no matter how hard he tried. And her telegram—plus two others there in that little pile—were the ones he'd treasure always.

One of them was from his family. The other was from his managers, Helen and John Noga.

Johnny is discovered

Helen, a short blonde woman who looks twenty years younger than the grandmother she is, is responsible for discovering Johnny.

It happened on a cold, drizzly Monday night. Helen, who owned the Black Hawk nightclub, walked into her place that night to hear the new jazz-and-vocal combo that had come to try out.

She'd just checked her raincoat and was still standing in the lobby when she heard the voice.

"I stood there listening to this boy singing *Tenderly* for a few minutes," she says, "and then I turned to my husband and I said, 'This is it!' We walked in and sat down to get a look at him now. He was about nineteen, I figured, but he looked like a little baby standing there, his eyes closed, his hands at his sides. You know, he still keeps his eyes closed a lot when he sings and I bawl him out for this once in a while. In fact, the other night I watched him at home on TV and all through the first song his eyes were closed most of the time and then they popped open suddenly and later he told me, 'I knew you were watching, Helen, and I figured I'd better keep 'em open for a while at least.'

"But anyway, that first night we heard Johnny sing we rushed over to him after the show and asked him who was managing him. He said nobody was. I asked him to bring his parents to see me the next day; we all had a long talk together and we signed him.

"Then, right away, I picked up the phone and called George Avakian in New York. George is an executive with Columbia Records, one of the smartest in the business. 'George,' I said, 'I've found something great.'

" 'Okay, Helen, okay,' George said, 'send me some tapes of him and I'll listen.'

The big break

"But then, before we had a chance to tape anything, I found out that George was coming to San Francisco that very next week to visit some relatives. I got him on the phone a little while after he arrived and pestered him to please come hear Johnny sing in person. He said all right, he'd try to make it some night soon.

"Well, George made it, but we were sure things weren't going to be good when we saw *how* he made it. He'd contracted a case of poison oak the day before and he was sick-feeling and uncomfortable and I thought, 'Oh oh, this is no condition to hear Johnny sing in.'

"But for a minute I must have forgotten about Johnny's voice. Because as soon as he began to sing, George stopped looking sick and uncomfortable and he looked over at us in the middle of the first song and made the Ballantine sign—and that was it, Johnny was signed up with Columbia that night.

"Of course," Helen goes on to say, "things weren't smooth as gravy right away. I took Johnny out on the road for some engagements—all over the country—right after this and more than one person told me, 'Why don't you just take him and yourself back to San Francisco and forget all about it?' I remember in New York one night, sitting at the Blue Angel with a bunch of booking agents, and when Johnny came on they looked at me as if to say, 'This woman's lost her rocker, leaving her husband and family and business in California just to try to make something of this skinny kid.'

"But I knew, I knew Johnny was great. And even though I blew my top with some of these perennial debunkers at times, I managed to hold my thoughts in pretty well most of the time.

"And then came Johnny's batch of hit records, and then that night of his opening in Hollywood at the Crescendo and I suddenly wished I could send plane money to these people throughout the country who'd wondered what I was doing with Johnny, just so they could come that night and all sit at one big table and see for themselves. . . ."

Another group that would have filled a big table that night was Johnny's family—his folks and his six brothers and sisters. Actually, they all wanted to be there, and *would* have been there, if Johnny hadn't been home for a while just a few weeks earlier and, frankly, if transporting eight people by air from San Francisco wasn't such a darned expensive proposition.

But they were there in spirit, anyway, very much in spirit. . . .

His sister Elizabeth

"It's a great family I have," Johnny says, "and we're so many that when I talk about them I don't know where to begin. I guess you can say that the one I've always been closest to is Elizabeth, my sister, two years older than me. We'd talk a lot together when we were kids, all the time, about everything; me about girls, Elizabeth about boys, everything. And we'd fool around in the kitchen all the time, too. I remember we used to get the urge to make brownies every once in a while, and we'd make so many that even *our* big family couldn't eat them all. And I remember how once we were making taffy, real hot taffy, and it spilled from the pot onto Elizabeth's feet. She wasn't wearing any shoes that day and wow, did she cry.

"And of course," Johnny continues, "there are my wonderful folks and all the rest of my brothers and sisters—I'm the fourth child, by the way, smack in the middle—and if I were to pinpoint the best times we all ever had, I guess it was the picnics we used to go on together a couple of times every summer; and Christmas, every Christmas.

"I remember one Christmas especially. I was nine years old. I'd saved pennies all that year so I could buy my mother something nice and when December finally came I counted my money and I had a little over a dollar. I didn't know what treasure I was going to buy her with that and so I'd go out every day looking in all the stores so I could get just the right thing. Then one day I came to this flower shop and I saw a snake plant on sale for $1.10. It was so beautiful, I thought, all green and shiny—and I thought, 'Gee, even though it's a few days *before* Christmas, if I don't buy it now somebody else might and then it'll be gone.' So I bought it, brought it home and—so excited—I gave it to my mother right then and there, three days in advance. The reason that particular Christmas comes to mind is that when I was home for the holidays this year my kid brother Mike—he's nine years old—walked into the house one day, three days before Christmas to be exact, carry-

ing a big package. I asked him what he had there and he said, 'A snake plant for Mama.' Then, just like I was years before, all excited, he ran into the kitchen and handed it to my mother and said, 'I've got to give it to you now or else somebody else might have bought it!'

Homesick . . .

"The whole thing made me kind of homesick—you know what I mean?—homesick for when I was home, always around the people I grew up with and love. . . ."

Which is exactly the way Johnny felt right now, in the dressing room that night, waiting to go on and slowly reading the telegram from home.

And then, suddenly, his reminiscences were interrupted by a loud knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Johnny called out, snapping to.

The door opened. It was a porter. "Just to let you know, Mr. Mathis," he said, "the show begins in about twenty minutes."

Johnny looked down at his watch. He couldn't believe it, but the time had really flown. "Thank you," he said, looking back up at the porter, "thanks a lot."

"Sure thing," said the porter. "And, Mr. Mathis," he added, as he got to the door again, "I've been hearing people say how things might get spoiled tonight because Sammy Davis is opening, too. Well, I wouldn't let that worry me if I were you, Mr. Mathis. After all, what happens happens and there's nothing nobody can do about it. Right?"

"Right," Johnny said, smiling and watching the porter leave. But as he said it he noticed his voice quiver a little and that the smile was gone from his face quick, real quick. And then he realized that some of the I-don't-care attitude he'd had before about the simultaneous openings that night was going a little, that in twenty minutes he'd be making the most important appearance in his life and that maybe there *was* something to all those whispers he'd been hearing.

And, alone again, ignoring the new wrinkle in his shirt collar, the telegrams piled up at the end of the table, he sat and he wondered now if maybe there wasn't something to worry about, if maybe it wasn't going to take some kind of miracle to get things going for him that night.

A miracle, and Sammy Davis

It was at exactly 10:20 p.m. when a miracle did happen—at least, a show business miracle.

Johnny, at the Crescendo, was in the middle of his opening act at that moment, bowing to applause for *Wonderful, Wonderful!* and getting set to go into another Mathis hit, *Chances Are.*

Sammy Davis, Jr., at the Moulin Rouge, who'd been playing to a cheering crowd for the last hour or so, was in the middle of his act, too, when suddenly he stopped the act midway and brought up his arms for an announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I appreciate you all being here, more than you can ever know. But I'd like to tell you—just in case you haven't heard—that over at the Crescendo tonight there's another boy opening his show, a young boy named Johnny Mathis. Now I don't know Johnny personally, but I've heard him sing on records. And believe me, if any of you want to get up right now or soon as I'm through so you can get over there in time for his second show, I won't mind at all. Because, ladies and gentlemen, this boy has got it. But got it!"

Nobody will ever really know just how great an effect Sammy's words had on Johnny's opening that night.

But, for the record, if the first show at the Crescendo was packed, the second—the big, important show of the night—was jammed.

And, for the record, too, that second show has gone down as one of the most triumphant in nightclub history.

WHO CAN FORGET, a columnist wrote the next day, THE LOOK ON JOHNNY MATHIS' FACE WHEN, AFTER THE SHOW, HIS DRESSING ROOM WAS FLOODED WITH PRACTICALLY EVERY BIG NAME IN HOLLYWOOD—JUNE ALLYSON, LOUELLA PARSONS, KIRK DOUGLAS, DICK POWELL, JOAN COLLINS, VAN JOHNSON, DOZENS MORE—ALL OF THEM RUSHING HIM WITH CONGRATULATIONS, KISSES, PATS ON THE BACK, UNABASHEDLY SHOUTING OUT THAT THEY'D NEVER HEARD A VOICE OR A STYLE LIKE HIS BEFORE!

And who can forget the look on Johnny's face when in the midst of all this acclaim somebody whispered something in his ear, when slowly Johnny made his way through the crowd, excusing himself as he went, when reaching a wall phone near the door he dialed a number and mumbled something into the receiver, when a moment later he whispered:

"Hello? Sammy Davis? You don't know me, Sammy, but my name is Johnny Mathis. . . ."

After that, his voice trailed off and it was impossible to hear just what else he said.

But he talked a very long time—right up until the time his eyes began to fill with tears and he began to cry and couldn't talk anymore. **END**

Johnny will appear in A CERTAIN SMILE *for 20th-Fox.*

I couldn't find a girl in hollywood

(*Continued from page 50*) I started the engine, shifted in reverse, tore back a few feet, then swung back toward town.

"What's the matter with you, Nicky?" she exclaimed. "I don't understand you. Are you mad at me or something?"

She didn't understand. None of them did. I didn't blame her any more than the other actresses I have taken out. Some new and aspiring, full of hope and ambitions. Others well established, with a big fan following all over the country. The rest someplace in between.

I have dated them; I have kissed them; I've been seriously in love with at least two. But it never worked out. I just couldn't find a girl in Hollywood—at least not the kind I'd want to marry, to spend the rest of my life with, to be my wife and the mother of my children.

Preoccupation with their careers is just one of the many reasons. There are others, equally disadvantageous to what I would consider a happily-ever-after.

Opportunism is one of the worst. It comes in every form, shape and size—and is ever present in Hollywood.

I remember one girl I took out who made me think I was a pretty good guy while we had dinner at one of the better restaurants on the Strip. She seemed a little dubious when I suggested going to a party at a friend's house afterwards, but her enthusiasm increased considerably when I informed her the fellow was one of the top directors in Hollywood.

She was still charming and full of attention to me at his house till a fellow

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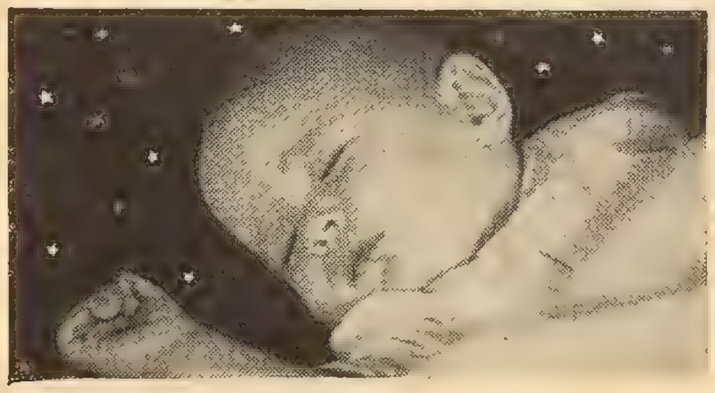
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joined us who told her he was a casting director for one of the major studios. I'd known him for a long time. He was no more a casting director than I'm head of Twentieth Century-Fox, but had caught a lot of fish with his gimmick the last three years. He was about to hook another one.

"Nicky, darling, will you get me another drink?" my date asked coyly.

The brush

By the time I got back he was just jotting down her phone number, and with it killed most of her enthusiasm for me!

Usually I found the girls to be a little more subtle—but in the end most give themselves away nevertheless.

Just before Christmas I visited a friend of mine at NBC. With me was a young actress who had just finished her first lead in an inexpensive production.

When we walked into his dressing room he and a reporter were making a tape recording for a local radio station. A few minutes later my friend had to get back on stage for rehearsal, and I went along with him while my girl stayed behind with the reporter.

When I got back both looked overly innocent to me. They acted like they hadn't said three words to one another. But when he left he turned to her and inadvertently let the secret slip out. "I'll call you when we put the tape on the air. . . ."

She didn't realize he had given them away till he had closed the door. Then she turned red as a beet. "After all, Nick, he is from the press and he can be helpful. There's nothing personal about it, honestly."

I believed her, and that's where part of the trouble comes in. There is nothing personal about it. There is nothing personal about most of the relationships between fellows and girls when both are in show business. It's all so darn calculated.

Also, this business breeds the kind of phoniness that is hard to take. I'm not criticizing the girls for what they are, or trying to be, because I know that it is born of insecurity. They don't believe people like them for *who* they are, only for *what* they are, and I can well understand it for I have often felt the same way. At times I still do.

I remember a girl who had but a couple of small parts in minor pictures to her credit. Unable to impress me with her professional success, she tried to make up for it by constantly talking about her father's wealth in Texas. Frankly, if anything, her old man's fortune would have scared me away, but apparently she figured the opposite was true, because every few days she mentioned a letter about another oil well that had just come in.

If they were that wealthy, they certainly had odd tastes.

I happened to run into them one afternoon on their recent visit to Los Angeles. They were just parking their car near Sunset and Laurel Canyon—a 1946 Chevrolet. I've never seen a Texas millionaire drive a twelve-year-old car. A model T, maybe, but not a '46 model!

Who you?

And then there's the opposite type, who's going to show you from the very beginning that she isn't impressed by you. And how she's going to show you! I met such a character once again a week before I finished my latest Zane Grey Theater show. . . .

We were invited to the same party in the San Fernando Valley. She promptly informed me how she was interviewed that afternoon for one of the plum parts of the year, but modestly pretended she didn't think she'd have much of a chance since she had only half a dozen TV shows to her credit, "all top parts, of course." Finally she came around to asking what I was doing in Hollywood.

"I'm an actor," I said irritably.

"Is that so?" she replied pleasantly. "Of course. Now don't tell me—wait a minute—I'll get your name. . . ."

No matter how hard she tried, she simply couldn't remember. And when I told her it was Nick Adams and that I had been in more than a dozen films, she was equally convinced she couldn't possibly have seen any of them because if she had, "I'd surely have remembered you."

That she had seen me became quite evident a few minutes later when we were talking about *Picnic,* and she let it slip out how much she enjoyed the scene where Bill Holden bounced a basket ball off my head!

And then there's the type who never notices you—till you're successful.

When I first came to Hollywood I had quite a crush on a girl who moved into the studio club after she was signed to a term contract by one of the studios. Two or three times she let me buy her dinner, but generally treated me like a little boy. More nuisance than man and certainly no one to be taken seriously. After that, whenever I called her for a date she turned me down.

I didn't blame her. Maybe I was just a fresh kid and if she preferred the Clark Gable type, who am I to put up a fight?

Oh, now I remember!

What did annoy me was a call I got the day after a local columnist wrote about seeing a sneak preview of *No Time For Sergeants,* which he predicted would establish me as one of the top comedy stars of the year.

I'm not saying this to give myself a pat on the back, nor am I modest enough to disclaim any credit. In fact, I love him for his opinion and hope more people will join the ranks—but that isn't the point. The morning this girl read his notice she promptly called me up—I don't have the faintest idea how she got my number that quickly—and told me how proud she was of me, and that she'd be delighted to have dinner with me that night.

I told her I was busy.

On the other hand, there is always an undercurrent that your own motives are misconstrued. And not necessarily by the people involved.

I first dated Natalie Wood, for instance, long before she attained her present prominence. Yet as she climbed in popularity, a lot of writers took cracks at me, called me a leech, an opportunist, a hanger-on. And everytime I dated another so-called name star, the same accusations started to fly around. First I got hurt, then I denied them, then tried to ignore them. But you can't, completely. And so every time a reporter used to ask me, "And whom are you dating now, Nicky?" —I had the uneasy feeling that he was cynical about the whole thing—even if he wasn't.

Thanks to some fortunate breaks in recent months I am now at the point where I can get my name into columns on my own, if I wish to do so, and no one is making cracks like this about me anymore. But I haven't forgotten that time, and I don't think I ever will.

And then there are the known facts and statistics with which I'm all too familiar: the percentage is against two people, both in show business, making a go of their marriage. I can't see myself married to a girl who reads the movie columns—looking for her name in print—before kissing me good morning. Maybe I'm the jealous type—but I wouldn't want my wife to make love to a handsome leading man before she comes home to fix my dinner. And heaven forbid if she gets to be a bigger name in the industry than I am! I want to be the boss in the family, and would lose my self-respect the first time someone called me Mr. whatever-my-wife's-name-would-happen-to-be.

Nor do I want a wife who gets up at five in the morning and comes home at eight at night, so dead-tired she hardly recognizes me!

What do I want?

Qualifications

I want her to rest up for me all day and when I come home, slide down the bannister and rush into my arms to welcome me! I want her to have the hi-fi set on and the bathtub full of hot water and a martini with two onions mixed and chilled and ready to serve.

No Hollywood actress would ever fall into this category. But I did find a girl—20,000 feet up in the air!

I'm not saying that Lois Raymen and I are going to get married or that we're engaged or that we're even in love. Quite frankly, till the proper time comes for such an announcement, that's my business. But I can tell you that she personifies all the qualities I like to see in a girl. And not the least of her assets is the fact that she lives not in Hollywood—but in San Diego!

We met about six months ago, when she was a United Airlines hostess on the New York-Los Angeles flight.

She was so attractive, so natural and so refreshingly honest I immediately fell for her.

"I saw you in *The Last Wagon,*" she told me when she finished serving the first round of drinks to the other passengers.

"You did? How'd you like it?"

"I thought you were cute."

Cute! Of all the descriptions about the most dramatic part I've ever played! That was my first reaction. But then I couldn't suppress a grin. At least she didn't use show business terminology.

We talked for almost six of the eight hours in flight, which probably short-changed some of the other passengers. But no one complained. Lois proved to be equally good at listening and talking.

Before we landed at International Airport I learned that she was born in Iowa, had been with United Airlines for a year and a half, was single, unattached, and hoped to get out of the airline service as soon as she could find a permanent job because, while she enjoyed flying, she preferred to settle down in one place. She also told me about a girl friend in San Diego who had a secretarial job lined up for her in a lawyer's office, and that whenever she stopped over in Los Angeles—New York was her home base—she stayed with a young couple and their children in Westwood. And that she would be delighted to have dinner with me the following evening but that we would have to eat early because she was due out on the eleven p.m. flight back to New York.

A different evening

When I brought her to the airport the following night, I tried to figure out what made this evening so different from so many others. Suddenly I realized that for the first time in years I had spent hours without talking about show business!

I saw her several more times before she quit her job with the airlines and moved to San Diego, to go to work for the lawyer. And always we had a good time together.

We didn't consciously avoid discussing my work. We talked about it, just like

her job, when it fitted into the conversation. But it didn't become an issue from the moment we met till I kissed her good night.

We seldom go to expensive restaurants or night clubs; never to premières. She loves Mexican food and, when I see her in San Diego, we usually cross the border into Tijuana to see the Jai Alai games and bull fights and spend money on a lot of silly little gifts for one another which we'll never be able to use.

Lois is never too preoccupied to listen to my problems nor has any of her own which we can't discuss and settle by talking about them, just the two of us. Not like a couple of girls I used to date.

I remember one in particular who always brought her problems to me but never gave me an opportunity to discuss mine. One night, in particular, I was quite concerned about a part, and wanted her opinion on it since she'd been in show business a lot longer than I. But when I picked her up at her house and saw her discouraged expression, I couldn't bring myself to talk about me. Obviously something had gone wrong with her career.

"Trouble at the studio?" I asked.

We spent the entire evening going over her problem; I never got to tell her mine.

I don't think I'm so selfish that I have no compassion for other people's worry. I do. And I'll try to help as much as I can. But in this business, where crisis follows crisis, people can become so immersed in their own problems that they never have time for the other's.

Just as important to me, Lois likes my friends because of the kind of people they are, and not because of their success or standing in the Hollywood community.

I remember a New Year's Eve a couple of years ago, when I had two invitations—one to a famous producer's house, the other to Aaron and Carolyn Spelling. Mrs. Spelling is actress Carolyn Jones, of course, but that was before Carolyn won acclaim for her performance in *Bachelor Party* and before Aaron became the successful screenplay writer he now is. Because they are among my closest friends, I wanted to go to the Spellings. But my girl was impressed by all the important people who were to be at the other party; her choice was the producer's house.

The last time Lois came up from San Diego I promised to take her to one of Beverly Hills' most expensive eating places for the first time. She was delighted. But when I picked her up at the Wicklands' I suddenly remembered it was the birthday of a close friend—a policeman. "Do you mind if we get a bottle of chianti and some cold cuts and go to his house?"

"What a silly thing to ask, Nicky," she came back. "I'd love it."

When we got there she cooked the meal for them and then insisted on baby-sitting while I took my friend and his wife to a movie, since it was his birthday. In one evening she had brought more happiness into their lives than they'd had in months.

That's what I like about Lois. That's the kind of quality I want in a girl, a girl I'm going to be serious about.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not knocking Hollywood actresses. Some of my closest friends are in the business. Most of them, in fact. And I understand and appreciate their preoccupations, their ambitions, their insecurities, their concern. It's part of the job.

I just don't want to get married to a job. I want a wife! **END**

Nicky's in Paramount's TEACHER'S PET *and soon will appear in Warner's* NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.

the very private world of diane varsi

(*Continued from page* 54) powder on her nose. Her cropped, cinnamon-colored hair looked as if it had been coiffeured by an electric fan. She wore beach shoes, drab black stockings, a shaggy turtle-neck sweater over a plain grey skirt. Around her neck she wore her one piece of jewelry, a wave-washed rock she had found on a beach, drilled a hole through, and suspended on a string. She had walked in to read for Mark Robson looking like that, and she had not smiled, she had not chatted; she had mumbled, "Hello," stuck out her hand, and then retreated into a corner with the script until he was ready to begin.

But at the end of the reading, she had read, "All right, Mother, as soon as I can, I'm going to pack my things and leave"—and all of her strange, tortured nineteen years spoke in it. And the part of Allison in *Peyton Place* was hers.

Two marriages finished—at nineteen

Hollywood has known many 'different' people, from many different worlds. The stories their biographies tell range from the gypsy background of a Yul Brynner to the criminal youth of a Rory Calhoun, the loneliness of a Barbara Stanwyck.

But never before, even in Hollywood, has there been a story like that of Diane Varsi.

She was nineteen, and already she had been married twice, separated twice, and borne a son.

She has been literally starved, both for love and for food, literally beaten within an inch of her life. She has lived in tar-paper shacks and slept in box cars, expelled from schools and picked up by the police. She is in Hollywood today only because one morning in 1955 she told her mother, "I'm going out for a walk. I'm going to walk and walk and walk. And I may not come back." And she had added: "It's a pilgrimage—of a sort."

She took her sleeping bag that day and packed a wicker basket full of hardboiled eggs, lemons and apples—and some songs she had written. With a girl friend she hit the highway, heading south, hitching rides. She slept on beaches, and talked to other kids on the loose who told her, "You'd better go back—they'll put you in jail." But she kept on, flagging trucks, working here and there, and one day at the age of sixteen she found herself in Hollywood, where she hadn't the slightest intention of being.

And even then, it was a long time before life began to look any less like hell for Diane Varsi.

All her life she has been sure of one thing and one thing only: anything she loved would be taken away from her. So she had decided that it was better to learn young not to love at all.

She was born—sixteen years before she started out on that long walk to Hollywood—in St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco. That was February 23, 1938. Her parents, an Italian-American florist named Russell Varsi and his pretty French wife Beatrice, received her with joy. She was their first child, and they welcomed her. Thirteen weeks later they learned that their baby daughter had developed a blood disease. They dug into their small savings to provide transfusions to be in-



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TAB HUNTER BECAME A MAN



■ All his life Tab Hunter had looked forward to that very special day when he would have all the rights and privileges of manhood—his twenty-first birthday. But when that day came, a couple of years back, well—here's the story of Tab's big day. . . .

Tab had always been in a hurry to grow up. He was big for his age, tall and handsome, and that helped a little in his haste to grow up. He did manage, for instance, to get into the Coast Guard at fifteen-and-a-half by exaggerating his age.

But he was restless, and when he got out, he wished he could find something he could sink his teeth into. A career that he could really get interested in. Then he met Henry Willson, the famous agent, and *he* thought movies would be the ideal thing for Tab.

So there he was, Tab Hunter, on the beautiful Caribbean island of Jamaica, working hard on his first film. It was *Island of Desire* and he was Linda Darnell's leading man. He felt very lucky to be playing opposite such a great star. He could learn a lot from her.

Linda took an interest in him and felt he should get his nose off the grindstone once in a while and get out and enjoy himself.

"You work too hard, Tab," she'd say. "You're still a young boy; you should go out more and have more fun."

But Tab was too busy studying his lines and trying to perfect his acting to want to take in the sights of the tropical island or join in the parties the cast would have.

And Linda would try once more.

"Plenty of time for such hard work when you're older, Tab," she'd say.

But he'd just smile that engaging grin of his and go right on studying.

And that's how the days passed.

Linda seemed to give up trying to get him to take some time off and relax.

And then one afternoon it happened. They had just filmed the latest take, and the Technicolor men were getting ready to set up the next.

It grew very still; all conversation had ceased. And Linda had disappeared. Then suddenly, there she was—carrying a cake, with lighted candles. She stopped in front of Tab and said, "All right, my boy, blow them out. Since today you are a man, you may as well stop a minute and enjoy it!"

It was Tab's twenty-first birthday, this very day, and he had been so busy making a success of his role that he had forgotten all about it!

Tab's in Warners' LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE, *and will soon appear in Warners'* DAMN YANKEES *and Columbia's* GUNMAN'S WALK.

jected into Diane's ankles to keep her alive. As long as they were together, the Varsis never begrudged her whatever money they could spare—or couldn't spare.

Never enough time

It wasn't that Beatrice DeMerchant Varsi was a neglectful mother or a cold one. Diane remembers her as loving, gentle, and so patient that even when she was in a hurry to go somewhere, she'd let the baby Diane achieve the dignity of tying her own shoelaces, though the struggle might take half an hour. But somehow there were so many places that Mama did have to hurry to. With good reason, of course. Times were bad for the Varsis. Daddy sold his flower store to try his hand at contracting. Gradually, he made a go of it. A few years later, he was making an excellent living. But at first he needed all the help his sensitive, intelligent wife could give him. Of course, she gave it. But Beatrice Varsi was not a strong woman. Her health had suffered when Diane was born. When a second baby, Gail, arrived two years later, she was almost an invalid.

So it was a good thing Diane knew how to tie her laces. By the time she was three years she was putting on her shoes to start out for Grandma's house—five long blocks away—alone.

To Grandma's house

It was a trip she made often, in search of someone to watch over her.

At Grandma's and Grandpa's there was love, and in abundance. They clucked over their high-strung, pale little granddaughter, tried to fatten her up, to comfort her woes. They curled her long blonde hair, told her how pretty it was. They gave her a little china figurine one day, to play with. Diane stared at it with awe. So delicate—so pretty—and all her own. She saved her pennies to buy another. Daddy came home from his long, hard hours with, sometimes, a tiny glass animal to add to her collection. Even at five, Diane took care of them, washing them, polishing them reverently with a soft cloth, spreading them out on the floor to admire. One morning she arranged them in the hall of her parents' home to catch the morning sunlight on their shining surfaces. A neighbor opened the front door suddenly, and smashed them all to bits.

She was only five, but Diane didn't cry. She stood up with tight lips, stared at what had been her most-loved possessions—and walked away.

"After that," she says now, "I never kept anything. Nothing. Not even dolls."

When Diane was four and a half years old, Russell Varsi landed a construction job in Salt Lake City. Because his wife was almost helpless at that time with asthma, barely able to look after two-year-old Gail, he took Diane to Utah with him and put her in St. Mary's of the Wasatch Convent.

To live with strangers

She had barely time to realize that she was to say goodbye to her mother, to the only home she had ever known, to the grandparents she had grown to depend upon. She left them to live, not for the last time, with strangers.

And the first thing the nuns did, to welcome the frightened child, was to clip her long, beautiful hair close to her scalp.

"I guess the sisters had to do that to me," Diane reasons today. "They couldn't be bothered with taking care of curls. But it was a crushing blow."

Her family was gone. Toys she no longer dared to keep, to love. And now the hair her Grandma had so lovingly combed —that was gone too.

She lived in the convent for two years. She was the only child anywhere near so young, so she had no playmates. The older girls puzzled and frightened her, especially when they played rough games outdoors. She had never played games, having been a frail child.

She learned to be alone in the convent. She began to grow up very young.

And in her loneliness, she dreamed of many things . . . of being older, of being a ballet dancer. But mostly, she dreamed of home.

And then one day her father, who had always come when he could on week-ends, came with good news. She was to come home with him for a visit, home to see her sister, her grandparents, her beloved mother. She was almost ill with excitement. No one thought to warn her that the convent years had made their change in her, young as she was. So it was with horror that she realized, once home, that she had grown unaccustomed to love.

But she had. She didn't know, any more, how to respond to warm arms around her, loving voices. She didn't know how to play with Gail, how to talk to her Grandpa. She found herself longing to go back to Utah, to the sisters who left her to herself, to think her odd thoughts, dream her odd dreams.

Except, of course, that when she did return, the most beloved dream—that of home—was gone.

For her sixth birthday, that year, her mother packed a huge box full of toys and sent them to her. She took them out, one by one, looked at them soberly—and returned them to the case. All but one—a tiny flower encased in glass, which would never die. That she put in her room.

A new home, with ghosts

They brought her home, finally, because she had had scarlet fever and had almost died in the convent infirmary, despite the care of the nuns. Her mother came herself, her third visit to the convent, to bring Diane back to San Francisco. She brought her back to a new home, the symbol of Daddy's new prosperity. It was a rambling, three-story, sixteen-room house furnished by Beatrice in extravagant French period furniture, all blue-satin love seats, gilded chairs, rococo bric-a-brac. There was not a sign of the furniture Diane remembered from her infancy. And after the simplicity, the barren whiteness of the convent, it was more than unfamiliar—it was a fright house. There were paint spots on the twisting stairs, and a superstitious servant assured her that that meant there was a ghost in the house. All about her were perfect places for ghosts to live: a big, musty attic; a dark cellar; hidden nooks and crannies from which she was sure a hand would reach out to grab her. For seven years she lived in that house, too tall, too thin, perpetually stifling screams and freezing inside with an unreasonable horror. Another child would have gotten used to it. But Diane Varsi had long since lost her chance to be like other children. For those seven years she lived in terror.

And her life outside the house was no better. When she had recovered enough to begin school, her sister Gail came down with scarlet fever and their home was quarantined. Diane was still weak and pale when she finally set out for the public school in the neighborhood to meet, for the first time, children her own age.

So she stood alone on the playground that first morning, with the sun touching her ridiculously short hair, her ridiculously tall frame, and looked about her with hope. And sure enough, a boy came over to challenge her.

"Who are you?"

Diane gulped. "I'm new," she blurted out. At the silly rhyme, her taut nerves snapped, and she burst out laughing. She laughed for twenty minutes, hysterically, before she could stop. The other children gathered around, to stare and to jeer. The boy who had spoken to her thought perhaps that she was laughing at him. "She's nuts," he said with disgust.

It brought Diane up short—her hopes tumbling around her. She gulped down the laughter that was turning rapidly to tears and flung back at him the worst taunt she could think of: "Scaredy cat!"

It was thus that she got her first beating. She was taken home with a broken arm, and both knees ripped open almost to the bone.

And the lonely little girl who had wondered how people could want to hurt each other learned that she herself would have to fight in order to survive.

But she went back to school. It wasn't easy, either for her or her teachers. If the children wouldn't have her—all right, she'd show them. She wouldn't have *them* or their old rules, either. She refused to stand in line, to take off her coat when the others did, to come on time. They wouldn't let her be like them—well, she'd be different. She stared out of the window by her desk all day until they painted it dark green so she couldn't see out. It did no good. She bore home note after note to her mother:

Dear Mrs. Varsi,

Diane is an exceptionally bright child, but she refuses to concentrate . . .

But what did the teachers know of Diane's home, of her bedridden, helpless mother's inability to do anything about it? She got by somehow. She asked only to be left alone.

Friends to walk home with

When she reached San Mateo Junior High a strange thing happened. With their new sense of maturity, their new privileges, the youngsters became more tolerant. Suddenly Diane had friends to walk home with, someone to whisper to and exchange notes with in class. At first she thought it was a miracle; then she thought she had died and gone to heaven. When she was actually elected vice-president of her class she could easily have walked on air.

And then a new girl entered the school. With new confidence Diane made friends with her, liked her. She told the gang about her—and they cut her short. "Not her—she's cheap."

Diane didn't stop to decide if they were right or wrong. It didn't matter. All she knew was that someone else was about to take over the role she herself had played so long ago, the outsider to be ostracized, tortured, and lost.

It was too great a price to pay for her own acceptance.

"I like her company better than all of yours," she snapped. And she turned her back forever on her hopes.

"I knew then that I'd always be an outsider," she says now. She had good reason to know it. Bad as her school life was, her home life was worse. Her mother's health broke completely. Her father had troubles and was often away. "Everybody was getting sicker. I had to be completely self-reliant all of the time." For four straight years her mother never stepped outside of the terrible house. Blinds were drawn. Housekeepers came and went. When Diane met boys—as she did in her lone-wolf ways—she shrank from bringing them home. She took dancing lessons and found occasional comfort in moving her body confidently in bizarre rhythms, in winning contests. Her loneliness, her shyness, her overpowering need for love and protection, were covered deeper and deeper by the veneer of not

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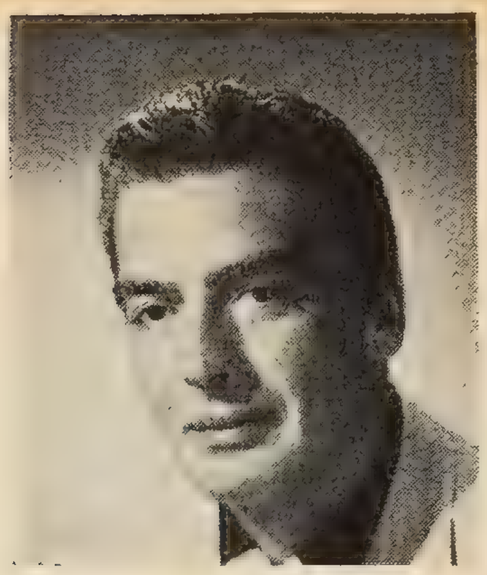
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"I'm No Actor" says VIC MATURE

■ There's a veddy, veddy swank Hollywood country club which once upon a time was quite determined about one thing—Victor Mature was not getting in.

But Victor Mature did get in. In fact he was the first of his friends to manage it. . .

Victor had put in his application—and was turned down. And the more he thought about it, the madder he got. If he was going to be turned down, he wanted to know the reason why. So he wrote a couple of letters, and arranged to have it out with the screening committee.

"Please don't misunderstand," the good-looking, well-muscled Victor was told. "It's nothing *personal*. It's just that—well, Mr. Mature, we just don't accept actors for membership. Nothing personal you understand, Mr. Mature. We just don't accept *actors* for membership."

"Oh, is that all," Victor smiled. "Well—I'm no actor, and I've got twenty pictures to prove it!"

The funny part of the story is Vic *was* accepted for membership after that!

---

caring, of giving back as good as she got, of needing no one. She knew she was strange. She knew the life she was leading was unconventional, that she was being brought up oddly. She told herself over and over that she liked it that way, that she preferred being on the outside.

Sent away again

By the time she was sent to still another convent, to get her away from her deteriorating home, she believed that she stood alone against the world. Pushed to the wall at once by the girls at the new school, she offered to fight anyone of them. On the way downstairs one of them pushed her, and a nun picked her up with her lips bleeding.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Diane.

A few months later she was expelled from school. Someone had passed her a 'purity test.' It was a truth quiz: *Have you ever smoked a cigarette, stayed out all night, necked with a boy,* and so on. Diane was caught with it, and refused to tell where it had come from. To her everlasting gratitude, her mother rallied and came herself to collect her daughter.

"My dear Mother Superior," said Beatrice Varsi calmly, "my daughter has always been taught to be loyal. I think she did right."

At a time like that she did not sound like a sick woman.

But she could offer her daughter no more than these brief bits of help—and the life her child led remained the same. "By then," Diane recalls, "I was a fighter. I fought any and everything."

She had to. She fought the girls at San Mateo High because "They called me a tramp, and I wasn't." She fought discipline, cut classes—but passed her exams. She fought her way through a month or two in high school in Oroville, Washington, where her mother took her for a stay with relatives.

Diane runs away from home

And from there, for the first time, she ran away.

She went with another girl—another oddball. They hitchhiked together through Oregon and almost made it to California before the police found them, and brought Diane home—or to what passed for home.

She went back to San Francisco with Beatrice, back to the house she hated, to the knowledge that her father was leaving home for good. She had dried her tears; she bore herself stoically through two more months in San Mateo High School—and then she quit school for the last time.

"I had been free," she says. "I wanted more—"

She was all of fifteen years old by then.

She and her mother moved to a small apartment. Diane got a job, first modeling in a local dress shop, then in a restaurant.

And one day—

"I went to a girl I knew who was very smart. I told her, 'I can't pretend I can't think any more. I feel guilty because I've been pretending I'm stupid for too long.'" The girl introduced Diane to two other young women, one a writer whose father was a painter. The writer told Diane to go out and discover libraries. She did. For three months straight, she sat up night after night, reading everything she could.

And she knew that above all, she had to get away from home.

A final flight

It wasn't easy to leave her mother, now so alone. But she did it. The writer invited Diane to come live at her house, where the writer's mother kept a home for senile old ladies. It would have been a dreadful prospect for most people—but not for Diane. She said goodbye to Mrs. Varsi. She broke clean. She left all her clothes at home except what she wore. She cut her hair, which she had never allowed to grow long lest it be taken away from her again, down to an inch all over her head. "So I couldn't be identified as a girl or boy or anything except just a person." A person in search of herself. Then she moved into the old ladies' home, paying for her bed and board by helping with their care.

And she talked. She talked and listened and read and thought, trying to catch up on the world before it could pass her by. She wouldn't date—it was too frivolous, too pleasant. On nights when other young couples walked hand in hand, kissed, fell in love, Diane Varsi read her books and wrote her poetry and slipped alone or with a friend into the smoky San Francisco bistros where the avant-garde, the odd balls the homeless—the unhappy—hung out.

"Then," she says laconically, "I said a terrible thing and the lady didn't want me to live there any more."

It didn't surprise her. She was used to giving up anything that had made her happy.

She went home to see her mother and to tell her, "I'm going for a long, long walk—"

She was beginning her pilgrimage.

And a few weeks later, she was in Hollywood.

Why she stayed there she never really knew. She had had no intention of staying anywhere, of getting attached to anything that she might lose again. What she wanted was to travel all over the country as a vagabond folk singer. No ties. No loves. No—losses.

But her friend wanted to stay in Hollywood. Diane shrugged and agreed—for a while. She found shelter with some weavers in a ramshackle Hollywood house. And there—she met a boy.

A first love

She will not talk about him now. She will not even tell anyone his name. But she cannot hide the fact that she, who had starved herself so long for love, fell in love. She married him almost before she knew him. She was pregnant before she knew the marriage was a failure.

And yet—out of that marriage, so quickly annulled, came the one great joy Diane Varsi has known—the one beloved that no one and nothing can take from her—her son, Shawn.

It was five months before his birth, her husband already gone, that Diane wrote the letter that changed her life. A very simple letter, indeed, to the one person who had never failed her: *Dear Grandpa, I want to take acting lessons. So send me some money for them, please. Also, send me some more. Because I'm starving.*"

It was not dramatics, just a simple statement of fact. She was down to skin and bones from malnutrition; her face wore blotches of acne from the wrong kind of diet and too little of it. She has vestiges of it left today—carefully hidden under make-up for *Peyton Place,* just as her cropped hair was hidden under a wig. But when the money came, the dramatic lessons started.

She had gotten interested one night when she went to a Hollywood acting school to pick up a friend. It was challenging, a way of expressing herself—and she had never turned down a dare in her life. She had no particular ideas of a career; movies she despised, glamour she loathed. But acting intrigued her. She started at the school—and quit it, because it reminded her of every other school she had been to: classes to attend, lessons to learn. But she studied by herself until an acting coach named Jeff Corey met her and was stunned by her. He took over her training, told her she was "highly exciting as an actress, amazingly able to act without making it complicated." And by the time he sent her to her first audition, for the key role in *Peyton Place,* even Diane admitted "I knew what I was doing."

Brave words. She meant them—and yet, after the picture had begun, every day she greeted Mark Robson on the set with the same question: "Am I still in the picture?" And she meant those words, too. Something so good could not last.

In January, she filed for her second divorce. This time from a young producer, James T. Dickson. She will not talk yet about how they met, why this marriage too has failed. They were married in November of 1956, shortly after Diane had decided to act. He wanted then to manage her as a folk singer—now he manages her as an actress. More than that about him, no one knows.

And about Diane today, with an Oscar nomination in her pocket, with two more movies behind her and an unlimited number ahead?

Diane today

She still lives in a four-room apartment

with just enough sticks of furniture to sleep and sit down on. She gets around town in a '49 Ford, fast, cutting the corners. She doesn't own a knick-knack, a luxury, or a decent wardrobe. She has added no jewelry to her one surf-pounded rock. She has not been to one glamour party, and has accepted no invitations for the future. Her health is still shaky, but she's working to build it up with a diet of fruit, vegetables, juice, raw eggs—and no candy. At home she does body exercises, piles into bed at 9:30 almost every night after two hours of heavy reading. Her friends are obscure people "I meet every day here and there" who sometimes drop in for coffee and talk—and to hear Diane pat her Cuban drums and sing her folk songs. She knows that others gossip about the way she dresses, and she says, "I don't care. As to the way I live—well, I guess I do some strange things."

Ask her why she does them now, now when she might live for the first time as other people do, now when she might be surrounded with friends, and she will tell you, "I want simplicity. I want to strip my life down to the essentials."

But those people in Hollywood who are coming to know Diane Varsi and care about her have another reason to offer. They say that she is still afraid, still lives in fear of growing to love anything, any place, any life too much—because if she does, it will be taken away from her as her mother was, her grandparents, her toys, her curls, her dreams. They say she allows herself nothing so that she can lose nothing. They say she has been hurt too much to try again.

And yet, when they see her bending over her baby, hear her talk of his bright, independent mind, see her eyes light up when he stretches out chubby arms for her—they know that Diane Varsi cannot possibly keep herself from loving. She cannot keep from loving forever. . . . **END**

You can see Diane in FROM HELL TO TEXAS, 10 NORTH FREDERICK *and* PEYTON PLACE, *all for 20th-Fox.*

esther and the blind children

(*Continued from page 52*) this baby's steps. Let her never fall, if that is Your Will—but if she does stumble, Lord give her the strength to pick herself up and start to walk again. . . ."

For the child who walked so confidently by Esther's side—was blind.

And only months ago, only a few short months before, she had not walked this way, head up, lips smiling. She had tottered instead, staggering on unsure little feet, her arms stretched out before her, feeling for walls that she could not see, for people that she should not bump into. She had fallen then once for every few steps she took, and her voice was a whimper of pain, of confusion, of loneliness. Her life at seven years, was one long groping in the dark—a dark in which she could not begin to dress herself, to eat alone, to play.

She had never seen. She would never be able to see, And it had seemed then, when her mother brought her to the school, that in the deepest sense, she would never be able to live.

Esther, seeing her for the first time, had stood stock still in the room. She had whispered to her friend, Merle Loft, who stood beside her, "Do you remember? Do you remember when—"

And Merle had nodded.

They both remembered—remembered when so many children in the school had looked like this one. Had it been so long ago? It seemed, in the presence of this child, as if it were yesterday. And yet—it had been several years.

Calling for help

The school was asking for aid then, as it was so often forced to do. A national sorority, Delta Gamma, had begun it, had taken in three blind children who came every day to learn to exist in their black world. That was in 1938. By 1949 there were not only more day students, but six resident pupils, a Cradle Club of twelve blind babies—and a waiting list that seemed to stretch on and on forever with no money to support it. Harold Lloyd, the great star of silent movies, heard about their plight and threw his home open for a benefit for the school. Esther Williams was one of the stars who came to take her bow, to put her arm around one of the school's children, to give her check—just as others did.

But there was something special about Esther then.

She was going to have a baby of her own.

A baby who might, if God willed it, be born blind.

Two months later, in a quiet hospital room, a nurse bent over Esther to say, "Mrs. Gage—you have a son."

Esther opened her eyes.

And in that split second, there flashed across her mind a memory—a memory of a wan little face, a motionless body, a pair of unseeing childish eyes. . . .

"A beautiful, perfect, healthy little boy," the nurse said now, to Esther Williams.

She smiled. She closed her eyes again. God had been good to her. God would go on being good. And she would repay him if she might, by ministering to the children of other mothers—who had not been so lucky.

A purpose

She had planned a long rest after Benjy's birth, a time to play with her baby, laze around in the sun, swim to her heart's content, think of nothing. Now her free time had another purpose. She owed it to God.

Three weeks later she walked across the lawn of the school for the first time. And came across five children, sitting on a grassy bit of ground, silent, motionless.

"It's a play period," Merle Loft, the school's director of education explained softly. "Other children would be chasing butterflies, playing tag—but these children are new here. They've been protected so much at home—parents are afraid, quite naturally, that they will hurt themselves if they're too active They come to us almost afraid to move. It takes time—sometimes a lot of time."

Esther thought of Benjy at home, wriggling his plump healthy body, beginning already to smile, to turn his head for a noise, a new sight. Her heart turned over inside her.

"Why are these little ones so thin?" she whispered, "don't they get enough to eat?"

Merle shook her head. "There's plenty of food. But the children who are born blind don't know how to eat it. Chewing isn't instinctive, like sucking, Miss Williams. A baby learns it from watching its parents. These children—the children *born* blind—don't even know how to eat. They have to learn everything—right from



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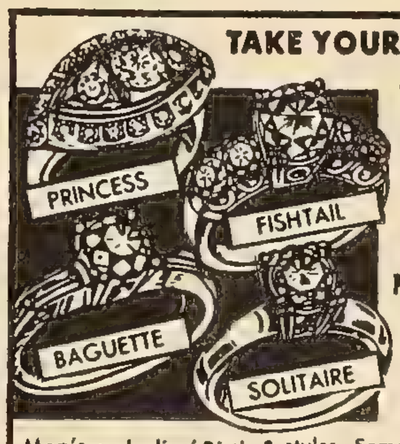
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the beginning. To eat. To walk. To laugh. To get along in the world."

The gift

"I came to bring you money," Es said softly. Her eyes traveled slowly across the solemn little faces. "Now I have something else to offer you as well. Please —would you let me teach them to swim?"

Merle stared at her for a long moment. Then she wet her lips. "Oh, Miss Williams," she said, "if you only would."

That same afternoon, they had bundled half a dozen youngsters into Esther's car. Towels and bathing suits, hastily dug up, cluttered the back seat. An hour later, in the Chase Hotel swimming pool, the water carefully heated to just the right temperature to cradle a thin little body—Es held a blind child in her arms for the very first time.

And through sudden tears, she began her lesson.

For an hour, she introduced children who could scarcely walk to the water which would bear them up. She moved little arms, accustomed to hanging quiet for fear of breaking something, to the wide expanse of the swimming pool, where they could wave and reach and splash—and there was nothing to break. And she stretched her own strong arms out beneath them, to let them lie on the water for the first time in their lives, bury their faces in its depths.

And when the lesson was over, when the last child, rosy with unaccustomed exercise, had had his hair towled dry and combed into place, when the last suddenly excited, chattering baby had been helped back into her clothes, she turned to Merle and said, "I've taught children before. I'm going to teach my own. But I've never taught children like these—I don't think I'll ever find more like them. They take to water as if they were born to it. They're not handicapped babies in this pool. They're little gods."

That was the beginning. Nine years ago. And for the children of the nursery school—it was also the end—the end of fear. What Esther had said in awe and wonder was true—they were born for the water. Their sensitive ears told them somehow how far or near the sides of the pool they were. Their high young voices, calling to each other in newfound pride, told them when other children were close. And their legs, grown strong with kicking the foam, learned more quickly to walk with strength and confidence on dry land.

Fun in the water

They learned to float, to dive, to do the back stroke and the dog paddle, the Australian crawl and the side stroke. They learned to bump into each other and ricochet off without tears. They learned to splash each other with mock fury and give back as good as they received.

They learned to laugh out loud.

And one afternoon, years later, when the children no longer swam at the hotel because Esther Williams had given them two pools on the school grounds——a young father brought his four-year-old son to the school for the first time, and walked away from the swimming pool with fury on his face.

"I was told this was a school for blind children," he snapped. "Those children in that pool aren't blind!"

Merle Loft smiled at him. "Go back," she advised. "Take a closer look at their faces."

A minute later the man was back in her office, his son in his arms. "It's a miracle," he said, without any trace of joking in his voice. "Please—when can my son begin?"

A miracle, he had said. A miracle that these children were learning at last not only to swim but to eat, to dress themselves, to walk with firm steps in the world of sighted people. A miracle wrought with patience and love, with the help of educators and doctors and one tall movie star—a miracle of hope and of God.

A miracle that had reached out to the little girl who trotted so confidently beside Esther now, to her mother who had whispered, "God bless you—" and to another mother who had taken Esther's hand as she stood beside the pool only a week before.

"Miss Williams," that woman had said, "I want you to know, as far as I'm concerned—you're a saint. A saint in the eyes of God. . . ."

You can soon see Esther in U-I's RAW WIND IN EDEN.

I listen to my heart

(*Continued from page 38*) mutual silence made it seem more like two hours. Since my first question had laid a bomb, I was afraid to ask another, so we walked all the way without saying a word. They were showing *Nob Hill.* For two hours we both relaxed and watched. I remember thinking that after seeing the actors and actresses talking to each other, our own conversation might come more easily on the walk home. I was mistaken. All the way home not a word was spoken —we both fell back into our original state of blankness. And that's the real lowdown on my very first date. I was just thirteen at the time, but even this flop of a date didn't discourage me from wanting to go out.

Movie idols

"I guess I was never a typical teenager, even when it came to drooling over movie stars. I only had two favorite actors: Tyrone Power and Anthony Quinn. But what I lacked in quantity of idols I made up in intensity. I was so fond of Quinn that one of the first boys I started dating was practically a double for him, physically. That was one of the main reasons I kept dating him!

"I went steady for the first time when I was thirteen-and-a-half, during my last year in Junior High. My first steady was older than I—he was already in high school.

"That's pretty much a pattern with me, dating older fellows. For as long as I can remember I never went with kids my own age. I was never at ease with them. I went steady that first time for about a year. It finally broke up because both of us ran into parental objections.

"When we'd first started dating regularly our folks felt that, like with most teenagers, it would be a fast romance, forgotten after two or three weeks. But when we kept seeing each other for months, then they discouraged us. They felt we were too serious, while we, on the other hand, really believed that ours was a deep and lasting love. After the year went by our folks forced us to stop seeing each other.

"I don't want to mention his name, since he's not in show business and his life is a private affair and it might embarrass him. But I can tell you that we still correspond now and then, or I should say I exchange letters with him and his wife. Yes, he got married. They have two beautiful children. In the last letter I received, his wife told me that he still carries my picture in his wallet, but that at the moment a snapshot of their latest baby was squeezed in on top of mine. I wrote back and told her I was flattered to still be included in his wallet, even if I did take second billing to their baby!

"After that first 'serious' romance broke up I fell into a pattern of going steady with a lot of different boys, but the steadies lasted only a few weeks before calling it quits.

"I've often thought about why I did fall in and out of love so often and also why I felt the need for even labeling a date 'my steady.' I guess going steady, even for only two weeks at a time, gave me the kind of security I needed.

"Incidentally, I'm like this in other things besides dates—I mean my likes and dislikes run in spurts. I get all excited about something and then cool off just as fast.

"The second time I went steady for any length of time was during my freshman year in high school. My sister Arlene was a senior and head of a riding club. One day I went out to the stables with her and I met one of the other club members. He was the best rider in the group. Naturally, I noticed him right off. I was flattered when he seemed to notice me, too, because you know how 'big time' seniors can act around freshmen.

As I said, one of my first crushes had been on a boy who looked like Tony Quinn. Well, this one was physically just the opposite. He had very curly light brown hair and was nice looking but not in a rugged Quinn way. He was a good singer. I always thought he should have made a career of it. We went steady for nearly two years. It was very romantic. We used to go to a recording studio and he'd make records for me—you know the amateur kind where you go into a little booth and just sing. He sang only dreamy, romantic songs. I still have one of those records. Matter of fact, I came across it just a while ago, the last time I went home for a visit. On the outside of the record jacket he'd written *To Mickey*—that was my nickname—*the girl I'll love for always.*

"You know something? He's still not married. Hmm, I'll have to look into that!

"The next fellow that came along was completely different from any one I'd ever dated. He was a football player, only he had more than muscles. He was studying to be a lawyer. The real intellectual type. That certainly was an intriguing combination—brawn *and* brains. But rather than his physical appearance I think the thing that really swept me off my feet was the way he treated me. My football player

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ELIZABETH TAYLOR
on the cover

gave me a real rough time. All the other boys I'd gone out with had put me on a pedestal—but not this one. Quite the opposite. He used to do things and say things to irritate me—but it only made him more attractive in my eyes—I guess because he was a challenge or something. Anyway when we first started dating he always used to manage to wind up an evening hurting my feelings. Like for instance he'd make up pet names for me, sweet (?) things like *Miss No-Personality!* At first I tried not to let him know that things like that could bother me.

On again, off again

"But I wasn't good at hiding my emotions. Our romance was an on-again-off-again thing. He'd make me so mad that I'd hate him. I hated him so much that I . . . I loved him.

"So we kept seeing each other, and for the first time my folks really liked a boy I was dating and they encouraged me. They thought he was good for me because he kept me on my toes, constantly trying to improve myself, concerned about how I looked and things. For quite a while I was off that pedestal the other boy friends had put me way up high on. But then we stopped seeing each other and I climbed back up on that pedestal. . . .

At least temporarily!

"The football player and I went steady for close to two years. After him, I went through a stage of being footloose and just dating a lot of different boys. Strange as it seems almost every new beau I dated was completely different from any other boy I'd dated before. For instance, when I entered my freshman year at Junior College, I met someone who was absolutely unlike anyone who had ever appealed to me before. He was slight and on the frail side. Ever since that time, although I haven't always stuck to it, I think my preference has been for men of this type. He was studying to be an engineer. The first thing that fascinated me about him, was his voice. He was a Southerner. He had so much charm and such a wonderful accent. I'd never really known any Southerners before I started dating him. I saw him pretty steadily for a year and a half.

"He asked me to marry him.

"We became sort of engaged.

"I thought I was in love with him.

"But then he actually got to the engagement ring buying stage, and I got scared.

Trapped

"It was awful. I really sincerely thought I was in love, but when he told me he was going to buy me a ring I got a funny feeling deep inside of me. It's hard to put into words—the nearest sensation I can describe is that I felt trapped—closed in. When that happened, I knew he wasn't *the one*: if he had been I wouldn't have felt the way I did. In all fairness to him and to myself we decided to stop seeing each other.

"The next thing I went through was what could be called the rebound stage. I even got engaged again to someone new. This second engagement was also more in the talking stage than anything else. This time I fell for a businessman. When I first met him I was convinced that I was not emotionally ready for any serious relationship—that I was just dating for a lark, not because I intended to settle down.

"But after a while I realized that he wasn't just someone to take lightly; he was a serious type. My original idea of just going out for a few nice evenings gave way to the feeling he was right for me. He was tall—I know I said that by then I'd grown to prefer the slight, frail type, but I also said I didn't *always* date that type—anyway he was the tall, dark, brooding type, but a fine gentleman.

"After a while, he proposed and once again I was sort of engaged to become engaged. By that time, college was over for the summer vacation and in the midst of trying to decide whether or not to make it an official engagement, I was offered a summer modeling job.

How to be glamorous

"Along with three other girls I was to tour the country for a washing machine firm, demonstrating how glamorous the American housewife could look while piling her dirty laundry into an automatic washer. I took the job because I thought it would be a good chance to get away and think about things. Off I went.

"We toured through New York, Georgia, Texas and wound up in San Francisco. I wasn't ready to go home when the tour ended and, since I was already on the West Coast, one of the models and I decided to go to Hollywood and see what it was like. We pooled our resources, rented a cubby hole of an apartment and then it all began.

"From there on the stories have been printed over and over about how I registered with a modeling agency, got a walk-on in Jane Russell's picture, *French Line,* and a few weeks later met Louis Shurr, got a contract at Columbia, the lead opposite Fred MacMurray in *Pushover,* and moved into the Studio Club.

"Yes, the summer that I left Chicago to think about my tall, dark, brooding beau was the beginning of a new life for me. I've never really returned to Chicago since. Oh, I've been home to visit—but that summer was the beginning of an entirely different way of life. I've sometimes wondered what would have happened if I hadn't needed to get away to think about the possibility of marrying. The only conclusion I can come to is that I really knew even before I left home that he and I weren't right for each other; if he'd been the one, I'd have known it immediately.

"Maybe I thought it was very exciting and glamorous to say I was leaving town to think about a man. But I guess I was just in love with love. . . .

My faith

"Now, don't misunderstand me. With my tall, brooding business man, as with

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PAGING MICHEL RAY—

During the shooting of *The Tin Star,* the studio assigned one worker just to keep track of twelve-year-old Michel Ray—to prevent him from crawling along upended camera booms, sneaking his pony out for a ride into the rattlesnake-infested hills of the San Fernando Valley where the company was locationing, and to get him to school! . . . Young master Ray had to sandwich in his schooling between scenes, getting in the laws' four-hour minimum requirement. But Ray *wasn't* crazy about school, so like most kids he'd try to sneak away as soon as a scene was shot. Which is why the loud-speaker would frequently boom: MICHEL RAY, PLEASE GO TO YOUR SCHOOLROOM . . . One day Henry Fonda discovered that his gun was missing. "Hey, who has my gun?" he shouted. Almost immediately, the loudspeaker chimed out: "MICHEL RAY, PLEASE BRING MR. FONDA'S GUN BACK!"

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the others I've mentioned, I loved them—but not with the kind of love strong enough to result in marriage. I am a Catholic—to me marriage means a lifetime of love for one man and as of this moment I have never met a man who is everything to me, a man who made me feel as if he were absolutely essential to my life.

"I just had not yet met a man who made me feel that unless I married him my life would be unhappy or incomplete, and this is what I am looking for.

"I have no regrets about any of the romances I've had. I've learned from all of them.

"Incidentally, there's one thing I'd like to clear up—my relationship with Mac Krim. Everytime I've dated someone other than Mac I've read an item that usually goes something like this: 'Kim Novak was seen at the Mocambo last night dancing with Mr. So-and-So. Poor Mac Krim! Believe me Mac himself doesn't feel this way; we understand each other and our relationship perfectly. We've been seeing each other off and on for nearly four years and though it may have seemed like a steady romance, we have never had any 'agreement' or understanding between us.

Much about Mac

"There are so many wonderful things I could tell you about him, but I think they can all be summed up by saying that just from being around Mac I've learned more than I ever learned from any other person I've ever met.

"Then came my next 'romance,' after not dating anyone aside from Mac for almost two years.

"I went back East on a personal appearance tour. On my trip I met a ski instructor, Tony Kastner, at a resort called Grossingers', which is right outside of New York. He was a very sweet person, very charming. He gave me skiing lessons. I thought he was very nice and that was that. But when I left the resort and returned to the city, I was greeted with headlines saying I'd been swept off my feet and was practically at the altar with my skiing friend. I tried denying it, but in my profession the line of least resistance is to close your eyes to the erroneous items in gossip columns and not bother denying them because then the writers suspect you're trying to cover something up, and print the rumors anyway.

"And that covers everything on the subject of *that* 'romance!'

"Soon after this episode, I made my first trip to Europe. I was sent by the studio to plug a couple of my current films as well as to represent Columbia pictures at the *Cannes Film Festival.* During the trip I visited Italy, and while there, many of the local Italian people, both in and out of the picture industry, were kind enough to invite me to parties in their homes. I met Mario Bandini at an afternoon cocktail party. I must admit that when I entered the room he immediately caught my eye; to be honest, I was attracted to him at first glance. During the next half hour people were milling about and eventually we were introduced. I really thought him most attractive, but after exchanging a few polite words I walked away.

Everyone nice is taken

"I had assumed that he was married.

"It just seemed that most of the people at the party were husband-and-wife. I thought to myself *he's attractive, but he's already taken,* and I didn't let my mind wander any further. A little while later, he came over and we talked for a few moments and he asked me what I planned on doing when I left the party. I said I was going shopping and he looked at me and said, 'May I come along?' Before I could even think, I blurted out. 'Oh, aren't you married?' He laughed, and said seriously, 'Why, that's very interesting, Miss Novak, do you always ask a man's marital status before allowing him to go shopping with you?' I started to answer him, but before I did, I noticed that although he'd said that last sentence with a straight face, his eyes were laughing.

"That was my introduction to Mario's marvelous sense of humor.

"Then, since Italy is his country, Mario offered to show me the sights. I took him up on it fast, and teased him by saying that to make up for his generosity he'd have to promise to let me give him a Cook's Tour of Chicago and Los Angeles sometime.

"Mario is very much respected in Italy. His is a very old and prominent family. He is not a Count, as was first reported, but almost everyone calls him Count. Maybe it's because of his regal bearing. I even find myself saying Count Bandini now and then. Mario was another complete departure from any type of man I'd ever known before. True, he is a businessman; so is Mac Krim; so was my tall, brooding ex-steady. But there was another dimension to Mario.

"There's just something about European men . . . they're so . . . so continental, is the only word I can think of, and that's so very inadequate. I found Mario sophisticated, worldly, at ease on the dance floor, behind the wheel of a sports car, in a gondola for two, just walking, just talking. He is always completely at ease, in every conceivable situation. He has a great deal of appeal. Let's face it, Mario is a very attractive man!"

(EDITOR'S NOTE: AS WE GO TO PRESS, MARIO BANDINI HAS YET TO ARRIVE IN HOLLYWOOD.)

"I would never marry anyone, or even seriously consider it until I'd had a chance to spend time with him on my home territory, so to speak. I want Mario to see my family, my home in Chicago. . . . I want him to see me as I am when I am working in Hollywood. I want him to know me as I am in my own surroundings, and not on a brief European jaunt. Here in America, I want to see how he reacts to *my* world. Until these things happen I can only say that for our relationship to ripen into a serious thing, we must first have a chance for romance without the continental backdrop.

"That's why, right now, I can't tell where my friendship with Mario will eventually lead.

"But if there is really something there, I will know it. I know I feel something toward him; just how deeply that feeling goes is something only tomorrow can answer. . . .

"Have I found him? All I can say is that at the moment, *no.* But he may be only as far off as tomorrow. . . .

"And each boy I've known, each boy I've loved has helped teach me how glorious tomorrows can be . . . when you're in love. . . ." **END**

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"Fortunately, she learned fast and stayed on our show . . . and I married her."

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